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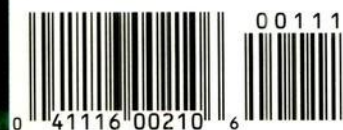
# THE X FILES MAGAZINE™

INTERVIEW:  
CHRIS CARTER

BEHIND  
THE SCENES  
"ANASAZI"  
OSTER  
ALL-NEW  
MINI COMIC

WINTER 1996 #1

\$4.95 US \$6.75 CAN.



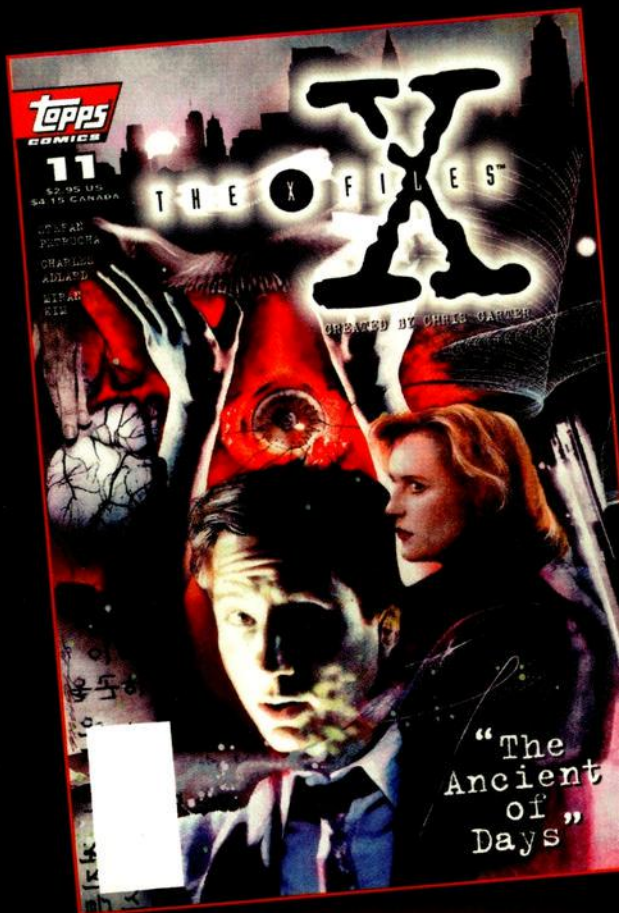
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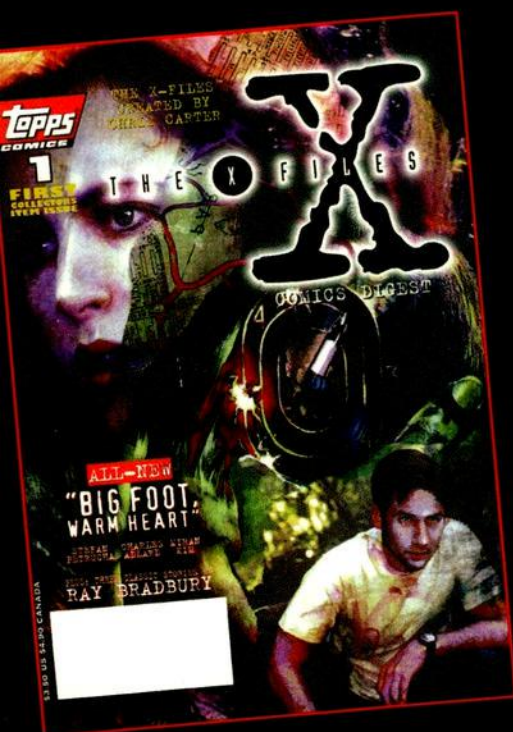
# The truth comes in all sizes and shapes...



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# THE X-FILES MAGAZINE

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# THE TRUTH

# It's Entertainment... Seriously

**W**elcome to the premiere issue of The X-Files Magazine. Now in its third season, the TV series has generated so much interest and

discussion, a magazine all about it is a natural extension. And because this is the *official* magazine, produced with the full cooperation of Twentieth Century Fox and Ten-Thirteen Productions (creator Chris Carter's company), it will be the most authoritative publication covering *THE X-FILES*. As Mulder might say, what you read here, you can believe.

Believability, of course, is a basic theme running throughout *THE X-FILES*. The show has proven to be highly entertaining to viewers worldwide, and its well-written scripts, outstanding performances and top-notch production have earned a slew of awards. And while its main intent may not be to investigate government conspiracies, that doesn't mean *THE X-FILES* can't touch some real, raw nerves. One of the beauties of the show is that it can focus on actual events that pique serious emotions, yet without taking itself too seriously.

Any successful medium—TV, newspapers, magazines, books—will often reflect what's happening in society at a given time, covering topics that get the juices flowing: joy, sadness, anger, suspicion, fear, outrage. Perhaps the reason why *THE X-FILES* has connected with its audience is

that people today are looking for answers—to lots of things. They want to know who and what to believe in, who and what to have faith in. Faith has been an undercurrent of every generation, but right now there seems to be so much ambiguity out there.

Can you trust the government, the police, the media, big business, your next-door neighbor? Twenty years ago, the question was raised: Is God dead? Now we're asking: Do you believe in miracles? In today's fractured society, people need things to latch onto.

Mulder and Scully reflect so many facets. They represent something we can latch onto. They enter a case together, each with their own, different perspective: Mulder immediately suspicious, Scully inherently pragmatic. They both seek the truth; they just come at it from different angles. And even though their personalities may conflict, they trust and depend on each other.

*THE X-FILES* is not a morality play. It is an entertaining mirror bouncing back current emotions. This magazine's main purpose is to help you enjoy the show, and to tell you how it works—the actors, the creative teams, the special effects, the real-life events and science behind the stories. And just as we all enjoy dissecting every episode, we encourage input here, too. How can we make this a better magazine? Let us hear from you.

Bob Woods,  
Editor

---

EDITOR: Bob Woods DESIGN DIRECTOR: Altemus

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS: Kevin J. Anderson, Emily Cox, Chris Fusco, Dave Galvan, Holly Gates, Sheryl Kahn, Henry Rathvon, Sarah Stegall

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS/PHOTOGRAPHERS: Johnny Autery, Michael Grecco, Michael Laine, Linda Okamura, Omaha Pérez, Ken Staniforth

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# FROM THE **X-Files:**

LETTERS FROM

X-FILES FANS

## STRAIGHT STALKER

I read that there is talk of an *X-FILES/Night Stalker* crossover [comic from Topps] in the future. I want to put down a vote of yes for this feature. *The Night Stalker* was and still is one of the best sci-fi shows around. There is a whole new generation out there that doesn't know what *The Night Stalker* is, and having Mulder and Scully meet Kolchak would be a perfect opportunity to introduce it.

Andy Young  
Aldan, PA

*THE X-FILES* has given me new hope for something that a lot of people are quick to reject because of what it stands for. People need to realize that *THE X-FILES* is much more than a TV show, a comic book or a novel. It's a future legend. After all, it's already been proven award-winning material.

Jeremiah McFarland  
Eureka, CA

Though I am only a sophomore in high school, the characters from *THE X-FILES* have inspired me to pursue a career as an FBI agent and have added a new incentive to improving my grades.

Michelle Suzanne Jones  
Sioux Falls, SD

The world of Mulder and Scully is one of twilight, where it is not exactly day or night. That uncertainty is the atomic engine that powers and thrusts *THE X-FILES* forward. I am a huge fan and lover of the macabre, gothic horror, sci-fi and

fantasy, all of which can fit if cleverly and intelligently handled, into the dark middle ground that these two intrepid investigators traverse.

Joseph Vitaliano Jr.  
Brooklyn, NY

## COMIC RELIEF

I've been a really big fan of *THE X-FILES* since the first show. When I first heard about the Topps comic book, I was so x-cited and enthused. I have a few questions: 1) Where can I find the "Further Reading Books" mentioned in the back of the comics with the letters? 2) I love the cover art. Will there be a portfolio available featuring just the art? If so, will autographed copies be available? 3) Is there a reprint of Issue #1 available?

Nicole Lynn Gilbert  
Anaheim, CA

1) Check out bookstores and your local library; 2) Miran Kim's cover art is featured in Season One and Season Two of Topps' *X-FILES* trading card sets; 3) Reprints of the comics are available at comic shops or directly from American Entertainment by calling 1-800-872-6642.

## FANS' NOTES

I've been watching *THE X-FILES* ever since the first show. I've seen every episode, every rerun and even "The Best of *THE X-FILES*," which had aired on the Fox Network for a short time on Sunday evenings. I've been a believer since the pilot episode. Well, I have to say that I've always

looked up at the sky and wondered! Now, I'm inquiring if there will be a "I Want to Believe" poster resembling the one that Mulder has in his office. I've been looking for one similar to that for some time now.

Barbara Keigley  
Fairfax, VA

Your search is over, Barbara. Yes, there will be an "I Want to Believe" poster. Turn to the magazine's "Sightings" department, beginning on page 11, for more details on posters and other *X-FILES* products and news.

G'day from Australia's greatest X-Freak. In this country, anything to do with *THE X-FILES* is hard to get hold of. Perhaps Mulder and Scully could investigate on holiday Down Under? I have two questions to ask: 1) Is there an *X-FILES* Fan Club address that you could possibly publish? 2) Where can I get a catalog or information on *X-FILES* merchandise?

Christopher Coward  
Brisbane, Australia

To answer both your questions, mate, look no further than the "Sightings" department in this magazine, beginning on page 11.

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*THE X-FILES MAGAZINE* invites your letters, comments, criticisms, suggestions and other input. Send us *X-FILES* envelope art. But please do not send us unsolicited ideas, articles or art for Chris Carter or the Fox Network. Mail your letters to: Letters, *THE X-FILES MAGAZINE*, One Whitehall St., New York, NY 10004. We reserve the right to edit letters for length and clarity.



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# Reports:

X-FILES FANS TELL THEIR  
OWN STORIES OF BRUSHES  
WITH THE UNEXPLAINED



Late one night at the age of 7, I rolled over in bed and was shocked to see a transparent white figure of a woman standing beside my bed. She was simply watching me with a faint smile. Needless to say, I was terrified, and pulled the sheets over my head! Looking at pictures, I was able to identify my visitor as my late grandmother who passed away at 38 and whom I never knew. The simple nightgown worn by the apparition was the exact type my grandmother wore at the time of her death. Ten years later, I am still fascinated by anything supernatural or paranormal, and am absolutely hooked on *THE X-FILES*.

*Toni Baars*

*Sterling Heights, MI*

Just recently, a friend of mine called to tell me that while she was speaking on the phone, she heard what she thought was her daughter calling to her. The little girl called "Mommy!" twice. My friend, thinking that her daughter had returned from next door, told her to wait a

minute because she was on the phone. After she hung up, she went to see what her daughter wanted, but she wasn't there. So she went over to the neighbor's house and discovered that her daughter had been there all along. This was quite unsettling for my friend, because she was certain she heard and spoke to a little girl. Upon mentioning this story to an area historian, my friend was even more disturbed. She was told that 80 years ago, a school had burned down on the very property on which she now lives, and four children perished. One can only wonder if the voice she heard was one of those children.

*J.H.*

*Schaghticoke, NY*

One night last winter, I was sitting on the bed in the computer room talking on the telephone. I opened the window shades to look out and realized I couldn't see anything because of the glare of the lamp. I got up to turn it off, and walked back to the window and my friend's phone call. As I watched out the window, I became more and more drawn out of my friend's conversation, and more and more drawn into what was happening outside. There were many objects in the sky that night, mostly jets and other planes. But what I was seeing

wasn't a plane. An object, I can only describe as a UFO, was making its way, slowly, around the school building in back of my house. It had a basic shape (like on Mulder's "I Want to Believe" poster), although it was hard to tell against the blackness of the sky. I could see it had six white lights and one red light rotating around the border of the craft. After moving slowly behind the school, it lifted to the clouds and disappeared at remarkable speed. To this day, no one except my best friend, Casey, who I had been on the phone with that night, believes me (it's not easy to find believers). The most plausible answer I could come up with was that I was only 13 years old. My father's explanation was that I'd "been watching too many *X-FILES*." That is why I wrote this letter, to get the believers' opinions... What I saw that night wasn't my "active imagination," or some plane, or helicopter. It was something incredible, something out of this world, so to speak, and something very real.

*Kerrie Messineo*

*Bloomfield, NJ*

Here is a bit of the unexplained. This was a story told to me by a very close friend, many years ago. It was 1955 and a very hot summer evening in Chicago. My friend, his mother and sister, sat at their kitchen table in a third floor attic apartment on the northwest side of the city. With heavy rainstorms forecast, the air was heavy with humidity. The apartment's back door was wide open, and the front window curtains were



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# **MARS ATTACKS**



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# FIELD Reports:

being whipped and tossed wildly around by every burst of wind from the pending storm. Everyone sat at this large old oak table, telling each other things that had happened that day. All of a sudden, this blast of cool air came into the apartment and with it, an eight-inch globe of luminous fire, giving off no perceptible heat, which proceeded to float down onto the middle of the table where they were sitting. Everyone claimed that it was almost perfectly round in shape and solid in appearance. It then flew out the front window without burning or marking the curtains. They then saw that the globe had left a scorched mark on the surface of the table. For many years, we would go into the basement of my friend's apartment building to see the mark on the table. It is hard to describe even now the look in their eyes when they would talk about this strange phenomenon.

*Don Jones  
Waterford, WI*

I will tell you a story that my mother, with fear in her voice, told me many years ago. As a young wife and mother, she was often left alone with her infant son while my father worked the late shift. They had just recently moved into an apartment, and when my brother would go to sleep for the night, she would sew or do other chores while it was peaceful. One night, while sitting at the table, she was startled by the sound of the knob on the front door being slowly turned. Thinking it was my

father and that he was trying to scare her, she called out to him that he would have to try harder because she knew he was there. The sound and the movement of the knob continued, however. She then got up, went to the door and opened it, already laughing at his antics. The laugh quickly died when she saw no one in the hallway. Confused and bewildered, she closed the door, wondering if she had imagined it. A few moments later, it began again. Going quickly to the door, my mother lay down on the floor to look through the space between the floor and the door. As the knob continued to turn, she saw to her horror that there was no one on the other side of the door. When my father came home that night, she told him what had happened. A few days later, my parents told the story to a neighbor who had lived in the building for a number of years. The neighbor then told them that a man had hung himself several years before in the bathroom of my parent's apartment, and that the building management had been unable to keep tenants in the apartment because of various strange occurrences. Needless to say, they moved out that very same day.

*Kathleen McAuley  
New York, NY*

At the age of 7, I dreamt I was standing in a totally white expanse. I can remember feeling calm but, at the same time, puzzled. I then saw my "Uncle Charlie" (a longtime family friend of my father's) walk

over, hand me a baseball bat, then walk away without saying anything. Three weeks later, I was informed that Uncle Charlie had died, and in his will he left me his baseball bat. I am 29 now, and have never been able to explain this experience.

*Nigel Messenger  
High Denham, Middlesex  
England*

I was 8 years of age when it happened, and we had just moved to Washington State from Europe. Behind our house was a creek and a small forest. One day, while walking through the woods, I got lost, but I wasn't afraid. It was so beautiful in among the trees that I was totally enthralled by the experience. Suddenly, I heard my brother's voice calling to me. When I found him, he asked me if I was happy. I told him yes, but that I missed him. He missed me, too, he said, and gave me a necklace which to this day I always wear. What makes this a tale of the unknown, you see, is that my brother had already been dead for several months when I encountered him in the forest. Not all of the unknown needs to be frightening.

*Angel  
Tacoma, WA*

In the mid-to-late seventies, I encountered a strange part of reality. My memory is vague, but only in sections. The truth is, I didn't believe, but now I may have to. On a long, winding country road in Jackson County, my family and I



"...THE RADIO STARTED TO GET  
STATIC. WE LOOKED OUT THE  
WINDOW AND WATCHED IN TERROR  
AND AWE FOR TWO OR THREE  
MINUTES, AS A BRIGHT WHITE  
LIGHT BLAZED THE SKY."



encountered a bright amber or red light that seemed to follow our car for more than half a mile. There was no sound, and at times the light hovered ahead of our vehicle. For years, I thought this episode was a dream because I could not remember where it happened. Then one day, I decided to ask my mother about it. She confirmed the event, and I began to remember more. For years I have been interested in the paranormal. For instance, I did extensive out-of-body research by the time I graduated high school. Sometimes, I wish I had never begun to look for answers to some of these questions. I envy those who don't know the truth—for they can never be afraid.

*Ron Lanham  
Charleston, WV*

When I was about 15 years old, my mother, her then-boyfriend and I were sitting at the table having dinner. In our kitchen, the table sat on a kind of balcony that overlooked the family room and the laundry room. As we were dining, we heard a heavy door slam in the laundry room—a room that was supposed to be unoccupied at the time. When we went to investigate, we found no one in the laundry room or elsewhere in the house. Later that evening, we got a call from my sister. She told us that her son had pulled a pan off the stove

and scalded himself severely down his neck and chest and was at the university burn unit. When we inquired about the time it happened, we discovered it occurred at the same time of the strange door slam.

*Michael S. Webster  
Salt Lake City*

When I was in the seventh grade, a friend and I were upstairs in my room watching the entire *Star Wars* trilogy. Though we were both hardcore *Star Wars* fans, neither of us had ever considered tales of alien abductions and UFO sightings to be anything more than dreams and exaggerations. While the second movie was rewinding and the third was ready to play, we turned on the radio. The disc jockey announced that it was shortly after one in the morning. Suddenly, the radio started to get static. We looked out the window and watched in terror and awe for two or three minutes, as a bright white light blazed the sky. After watching it speed away, we promptly turned off the radio and VCR, and gazed at each other in astonishment. We agreed for the night that it was a meteorite of some sort, but we still moved our sleeping bags downstairs, and kept timidly peering out the windows. The next morning, the sun rose and brought with it a sense of security. My friend and I admitted to my parents what we had seen, but they thought we were joking. My friend called the weather department at the local news station a few days later. They

said that no meteorites, asteroids, etc. had been anywhere within sight that night. That was when we realized what we had seen—and when I became a believer.

*Gina Goad  
Toledo, OH*

When people say that past lives and events, especially tragic ones, can remain with us on this earth and haunt our lives, I believe them. Once, on a narrow, winding road that hugged the side of a steep mountain in Ireland, I experienced such a feeling of dread and sadness that I vowed never to walk that path again. I had been staying with relatives and went out for a solitary walk one afternoon. It was a cloudy day, and the road was shadowed by limbs of overhanging trees. It was quiet and peaceful and absolutely non-threatening. I continued on the road as it led along the side of the mountain until I came to a part in the road from which ran a smaller road leading to an abandoned estate. At once, I felt such a terrible fright grip me. It wasn't the trees or fear for myself—there was just such a tremendous sense of loss about the spot, I can't define it. When I returned to my aunt's home, I told her what happened. She told me that on that very spot, over one hundred years before, a coach, pulled by four horses and filled with travelers, went over the side of the road and down the mountain, to their deaths. Now I am a believer.

*Ron Greenwald  
Silver Springs, MD*



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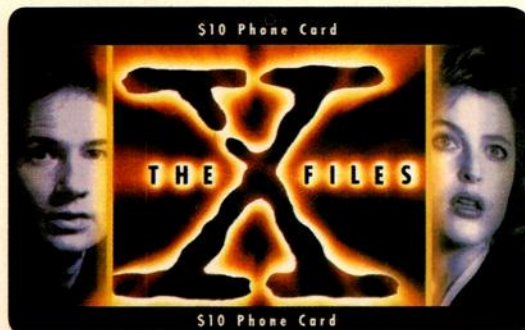


## News &amp; Products

BY DAVE GALVAN

## DID YOU KNOW...?

The two-parter, "Colony" and "End Game," featured clones called Gregors. In Franz Kafka's *The Metamorphosis*, the main character is a man who changes into a giant insect. His name? Gregor.



## DIAL X FOR...

Here's a phone card that offers more than prepaid long-distance calling time, and leaves you with more than a collectible piece of plastic. *THE X-FILES* Prepaid Phone Card, from pioneering Frontier Communications Intl., is also your direct link to the fun-and-fact-filled *X-FILES* phone line. Periodically updated, the interactive service greets you with *X-FILES* music and then guides you to various areas where you can get an earful of info about the show's characters, episode notes, convention updates, a challenging trivia game and a message center where you can leave or receive voice-mail for or from fellow fans. *THE X-FILES* Collector's Edition Prepaid Phone Card is available for \$10 at select retail locations—look for colorful displays—or you can order directly by calling 1-800-375-3133.



## STITCHERY DITCHERY DO

The Stitchery Studio of Burnsville, Minn., has X-Files covered from head to tee. And the company's *X-FILES* baseball-style caps and T-shirts are just part of its ensemble. Stitchery has also sewn up deals to produce screen-printed T-shirts and sweatshirts featuring graphics and images from the series. Besides distributing all these *X-FILES* items at select apparel retailers, Stitchery will make them available nationwide through the national video retailer Suncoast Motion Picture video stores and Musicland outlets.





## FAN CLUB UPDATE

The Official *X-Files* Fan Club is going strong. Run by Creation Entertainment, the club's main component is the kit fans get when they join. Each kit contains behind-the-scenes color photos, a membership card, a members-only poster, four issues of *X-Notes* (the club's newsletter), special merchandise offers and surprises (requiring a VCR—hint, hint). All printed material is enclosed in an authentic-looking police evidence bag, and the entire kit is boxed in a government-issue style brown box.

The club has already signed up more than 6,000 members; Issue #2 of *X-Notes* mailed in November and #3 is in the works. To join the club, send a check for \$29.99 + \$7 postage and handling (please make checks payable to CREATION) to The Official *X-Files* Fan Club, 411 N. Central Avenue, Suite #300, Glendale, CA 91203.

### Did You Know...?

In season two's finale, "Anasazi," in order to simulate the episode's Arizona desert setting, the production crew had to first find a suitable rock quarry in the Vancouver area, and then used 1,600 gallons of red paint to give the rocks their appropriate color. But even with all that work, a second unit crew traveled to Arizona to shoot background footage for the dramatic two-parter.



## CREATING X-CITEMENT

Creation Entertainment has a long and successful history in show biz, particularly as the official organizers of *Star Trek* cons for more than 20 years. That genesis made Creation Twentieth Century Fox's selection to run *X-Files* fan fests. Yet the Glendale, Calif., company is creating more than the public events themselves, with a high-quality assortment of apparel and novelty items to its credit as well.

By the end of 1995, Creation will have convened X-Philes across the country, from San Diego, Calif., to Secaucus, N.J. The cons bring out stars from the show ("Tooms" portrayed Doug Hutchison brought down the house in Pasadena last summer), prop and costume displays from the show, giant-screen airing of *X-Files* video clips, fan discussion panels and areas where dealers proffer all sorts of *X-Files* licensed merchandise.

Naturally, Creation's own stuff is prominent—though it's all sold far and wide beyond the conventions, too. The array of products includes two different jackets, one an all-weather leather and wool coat, the other a lightweight nylon windbreaker, and both feature the distinctive *X-Files* logo. Fans can also get two different mugs from Creation, one that magically reveals the logo when hot liquid is poured inside, plus hats and 8 x 10 color photos.





## FOR SALE: DATES WITH MULDER & SCULLY

Fridays will continue to be *X-FILES* days on fans' calendars, though every day can be filled with Mulderisms and Scullyisms for those who tack the 1996 *X-FILES* calendar to their wall. Landmark General, a Novato, Calif., publisher of high-end calendars, has produced one of its best ever for *THE X-FILES*. The 12" x 12" all-color calendar, which sells for \$11.99, features a different episode each month. The four-color daily grid includes a variety of photos, graphics, quotes and other goodies culled from the shows' scripts. Look for the calendar where you buy comics, books or music, or call Landmark's toll-free number: 1-800-365-YEAR.

## THE SHIRTS ARE OUT THERE

Watch for a variety of *X-FILES* T-shirts from Stanley DeSantis of beautiful downtown Burbank, Calif. DeSantis is also producing *X-FILES* caps, as well as a "Trust No One" ceramic mug. Look for all of DeSantis' official *X-FILES* products at comics and science fiction shops, music outlets and Suncoast Motion Picture stores. Or you can order directly by calling (818) 755-0222.



## THE X-FILES POSTERS

OSP Publishing of Bell, Calif., has produced images of Agents Mulder and Scully on giant 23" x 35" posters. OSP has two poses of the detective duo together, plus another poster featuring Mulder alone—each for \$4.99—at department stores, music stores, comics shops and other retail outlets.





**Did You Know...?** Nicholas Lea, infamous as Mulder's double-crossing ex-partner Alex Krycek (referred to on the Internet as "Fatboy"), made his first *X-FILES* appearance in the season-one episode "Gender Bender." His incidental character nearly became a murder victim of Kindred cultist Andrew. Even so, Lea impressed the producers enough to call him back.

# 1995 Awards

## EMMY AWARDS

**Nominee** - Outstanding Drama Series

**Nominee** - Outstanding Writing in a Drama Series: Chris Carter for "Duane Barry"

**Nominee** - Outstanding Guest Actress in a Drama Series: CCH Pounder as Agent Kazdin in "Duane Barry"

**Nominee** - Outstanding Individual Achievement in Editing for a Series - Single Camera Production—James Coblenz for "Duane Barry"

**Nominee** - Outstanding Individual Achievement in Editing for a Series - Single Camera Production: Stephen Mark for "Sleepless"

**Nominee** - Outstanding Individual Achievement in Sound Editing for a Series: Thierry

Couturier for "Duane Barry"

**Nominee** - Outstanding Achievement in Cinematography: John Bartley for "Duane Barry"

## GOLDEN GLOBE AWARDS

**Winner** - Best Dramatic Series

## TELEVISION CRITICS ASSOCIATION AWARDS

**Nominee** - Best Drama Series

**Nominee** - Program of the Year

## VIEWERS FOR QUALITY TELEVISION AWARDS

**Nominee** - Best Drama Series

**Nominee** - Best Actor in a Drama Series: David Duchovny

**Nominee** - Best Actress in a Drama Series: Gillian Anderson

## SATURN AWARDS

**Winner** - Outstanding Television Series

## DIGITAL HOLLYWOOD AWARDS

**Winner** - Best Digital Writer: James Wong and Glen Morgan for "Beyond the Sea"

## DIGITAL HOLLYWOOD AWARDS

**Nominee** - Best in Digital TV (Series)

## MYSTERY WRITERS OF AMERICA (POE AWARDS)

**Nominee** - Best Episode in a Television Series: Chris Carter for "The Erlenmeyer Flask"

## AMERICAN SOCIETY OF CINEMATOGRAPHERS AWARDS

**Nominee** - Outstanding Achievement in Cinematography (Series): John Bartley for "Duane Barry"

## ENVIRONMENTAL MEDIA AWARDS

**Winner** - Outstanding Episodic Television (Drama): Steve DeJarnatt for "Fearful Symmetry"

## 1994

## EMMY AWARDS

**Winner** - Outstanding Individual Achievement in Graphic Design and Title Sequences

**Nominee** - Outstanding Achievement in Main Title Theme Music

## ENVIRONMENTAL MEDIA AWARDS

**Winner** - Outstanding Episodic Television (Drama): Chris Carter for "Darkness Falls"

## PARENT'S CHOICE HONORS

**Winner** - Best Series

## MONITOR AWARDS

**Winner** - Best Editing: James Coblenz for "Beyond the Sea"

## N.Y. FESTIVAL FOR TELEVISION PROGRAMMING AND PROMOTION

**Finalist** - Best Writing: Chris Carter for "The Erlenmeyer Flask"; James Wong and Glen Morgan for "Beyond the Sea"







## TOPPS SECRETS ON COMICS & CARDS

As The Topps Co. continues to add fresh stories and apropos art to its monthly *X-FILES* comics, the editors are producing a number of specials. Issues #4, #5 and #6, containing the "Firebird" saga, have been reprinted together in the second Special Edition. On its heels is the premiere of *The X-Files Digest*. The debut is an all-new 65-page mystery entitled "Big Foot, Warm Heart," a reference not to any large appendage but to the legendary Sasquatch beast that Mulder and Scully encounter on this case. The regular creative team—writer Stefan Petrucha, interior artist Charles Adlard and cover artist Miran Kim—present the adventure.

Various artists have teamed to illustrate a 96-page package of three classic sci-fi written stories by the great Ray Bradbury. The eerie trio, set for release early in 1996, includes "The Visitor," "Trap Door" and "The Foghorn." Also on deck for '96 is "Afterflight," the very first *X-FILES* graphic novel. Penned by Petrucha with art by Jill Thompson, it's the 64-page tale of a man who tinkers with a spaceship bequeathed to him by his grandfather.

On the trading card side of things, Topps has released its *X-FILES* MasterVisions card set of 30 jumbo (6 1/2" x 10 1/8") art cards featuring the work of Tom Ang, Cliff Nielson and Miran Kim. These premium, super-thick cards are suitable for framing.

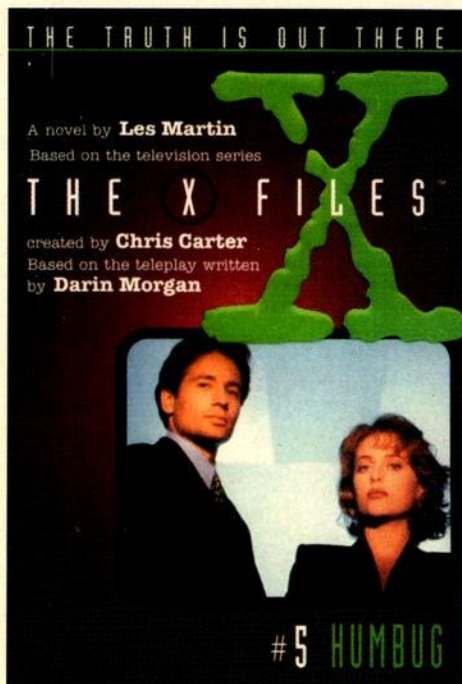
Meanwhile, Season Two, the sequel to Topps' best-selling first *X-FILES* card set, will ship in February. The all-new series of 72 super-premium cards features episodic photos from the second season of the show—including special effects, creatures, aliens, paranormal activity and behind-the-scenes info. Plus, 25 cards boast new art from Ang and Nielsen that captures a defining moment from each episode. And wait until you see their special "Secrets of *THE X-FILES*" card. The set also includes six foil-etched comics cover inserts and four holograms.

## THE X-FILES GIVEAWAY!!!

*Topps is giving away 12 complete sets of its new Season Two X-FILES cards. To enter this random drawing, send your name, age and address in a letter or on a postcard to Card Giveaway, THE X-FILES MAGAZINE, One Whitehall St., New York, NY 10004. Entries must be received by March 31, 1996. Winners will be notified by mail.*



**Did You Know...?** The submarine tower in "End Game" was a full-size replica built on a Vancouver sound stage. The script called for Mulder and the alien villain to fight outside in the Arctic tundra, near where the tower had broken through the ice. To preserve the 140 tons of real snow that had to be trucked in, they lowered the temperature of the sound stage to well below freezing.

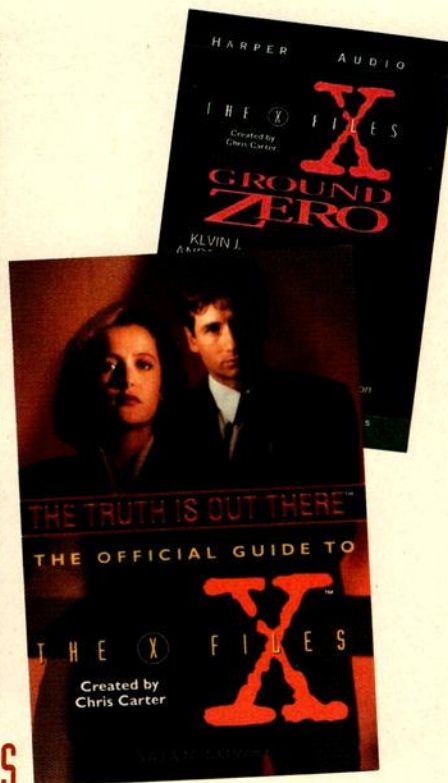


## X-PLOSIVE BOOKS

What exactly is "Bright Anvil" and why did Dr. Emil Gregory get flash-fried while working on that top-secret government weapons project? That's the basis for the eerie mystery investigated by Agents Mulder and Scully in *Ground Zero*, the new hardcover novel by Kevin J. Anderson, published by HarperCollins. (For some clues, read the exclusive excerpt in this issue.) A double-cassette audio edition of *GROUND ZERO*, read by none other than Gillian Anderson, will be simultaneously released by HarperAudio.

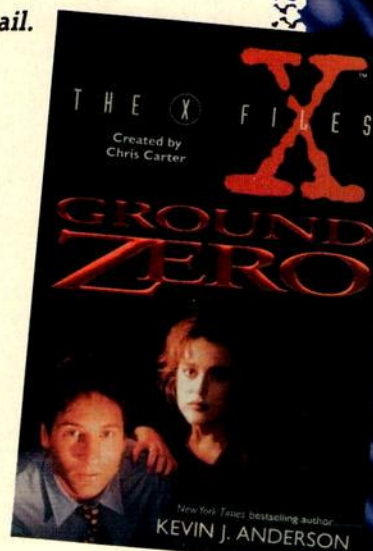
If you're wondering about any of the elements of the hit TV series itself, you'll find them detailed in another December release from HarperCollins, *The Truth Is Out There: The Official Guide to THE X-FILES*. Written by *Daily Variety* TV editor Brian Lowry, this trade paperback reference includes photos, interviews with cast and crew members, an episode guide to the show's first two seasons, *THE X-FILES* trivia, maps of places where every adventure has taken place and plenty more—all for \$15.

HarperTrophy, the publisher's division that produces novelizations of *THE X-FILES* episodes for teen readers, already has three titles in circulation—*Darkness Falls*, *X Marks the Spot* and *Tiger, Tiger*, all written by Les Martin. In January, *Squeeze*, written by Ellen Steiber, will be published, followed in February by the Martin-authored *Humbug*.



## THE X-FILES GIVEAWAY!!!

HarperCollins is giving away 10 copies of *Ground Zero* specially autographed by Kevin J. Anderson. To enter this random drawing, send your name, age and address in a letter or on a postcard to Book Giveaway, THE X-FILES MAGAZINE, One Whitehall St., New York, NY 10004. Entries must be received by March 31, 1996. Winners will be notified by mail.





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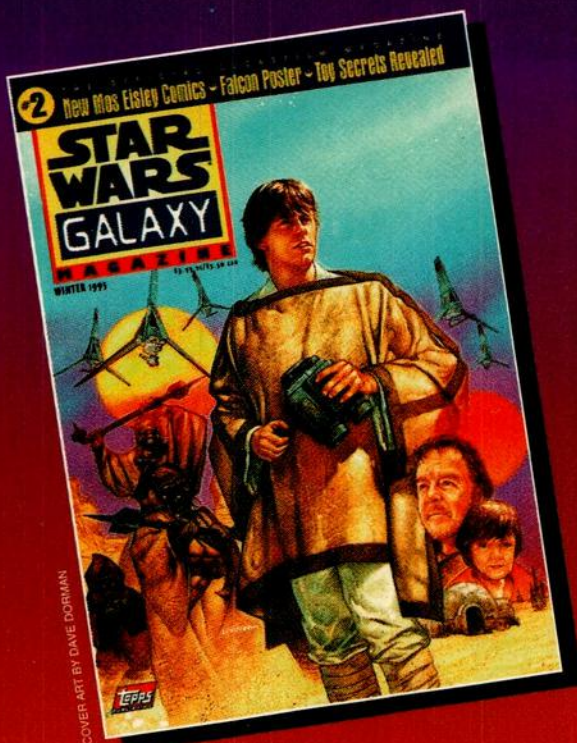
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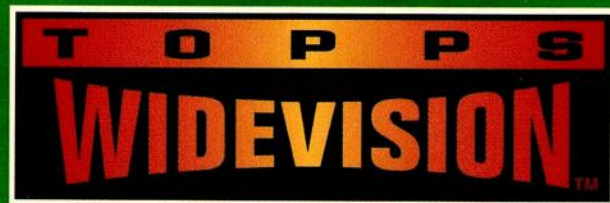
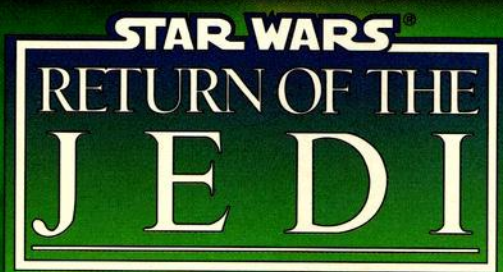
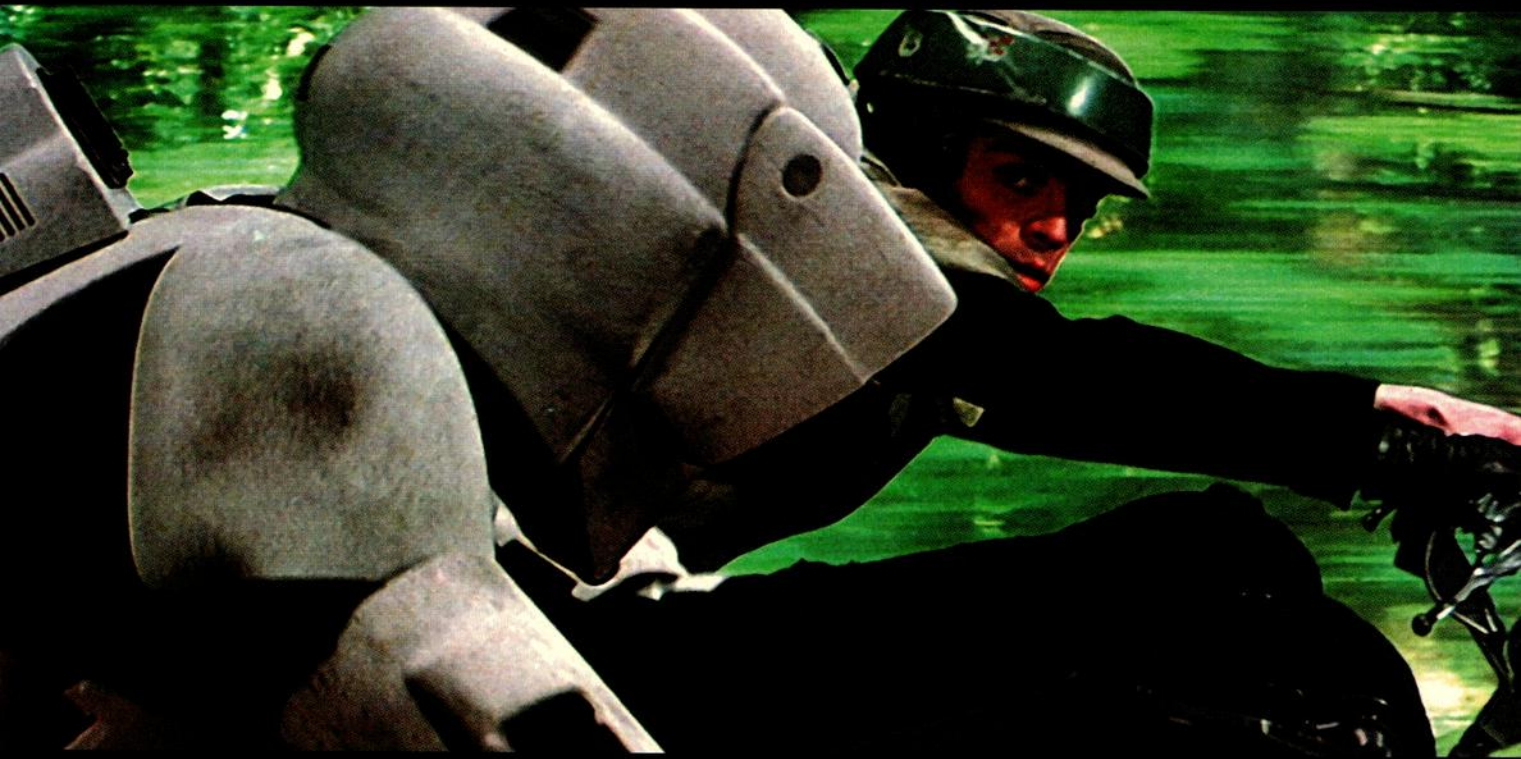
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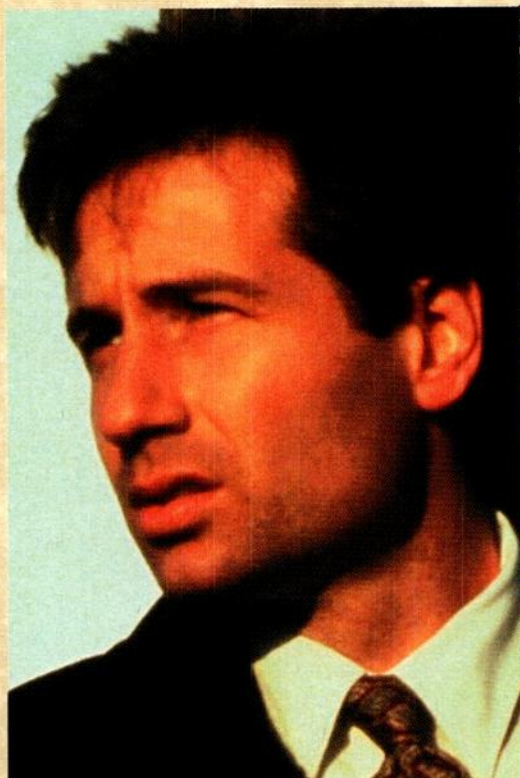
# ***Move Over, Pal!***



**ON SALE JANUARY**

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<b>NAME:</b>	David Duchovny
<b>CHARACTER:</b>	FBI Special Agent Fox Mulder
<b>AGE:</b>	35
<b>D.O.B.:</b>	7 August 1960
<b>BIRTHPLACE:</b>	New York City
<b>RESIDENCE:</b>	Los Angeles
<b>MARITAL</b>	
<b>STATUS:</b>	Single
<b>EDUCATION:</b>	B.A., Princeton Univ.; Masters in English Literature, Yale Univ.
<b>HEIGHT:</b>	6'
<b>HAIR:</b>	Brown
<b>DISTINGUISHING</b>	
<b>FEATURES:</b>	Mole on right cheek
	<b>WEIGHT:</b> 170 lb.
	<b>EYES:</b> Green

### PROFESSIONAL PROFILE:

David has come a long, long way since his professional debut, in a Lowenbrau beer commercial in 1987. The actor who now is world famous for his perfectly low-key portrayal on *THE X-FILES* of truth-seeking FBI Special Agent Fox "Spooky" Mulder was actually in pursuit of a doctorate in English Literature at Yale when the acting bug bit. In between his duties as a teaching assistant and working on his Ph.D. dissertation ("Magic and Technology in Contemporary Poetry and Prose"), David took acting lessons at The Actors' Studio in New York. Eventually acting took precedence over academics and he left school. Following his beer ad, he appeared with Melanie Griffith in *Working Girl* (1988). From there his career took off. Among his many credits are roles in *New Year's Day* (1989), *Twin Peaks* (1990), *Denial* (1991), *Don't Tell Mom the Babysitter's Dead* (1991), *Beethoven* (1992), *Chaplin* (1992) and *Kalifornia* (1993). In '93 he caught the eye of *X-FILES* creator Chris Carter, who instantly cast him as intrepid G-man Mulder.

### PERSONAL PROFILE:

David's family name—which his father, Ron, spells Ducovny—means "spiritual" in Russian. Dad is a former publicist for the American Jewish Committee, a play-

wright and book author. David's mother, Margaret, taught grade school in Manhattan. He is the second of three kids, with a sister, Laurie, in New York and a brother, Daniel, in L.A. David played basketball and baseball in high school and college; nowadays he keeps fit by jogging and working out. A part-time poet (he did live readings in L.A.), David worked with Carter to develop the story for the first of season two's thrilling two-parter, "Colony" and "End Game." Although he denies personal belief in UFOs or beastwomen from New Jersey, David isn't so sure that life exists only here on Earth. There just may be others... out there.

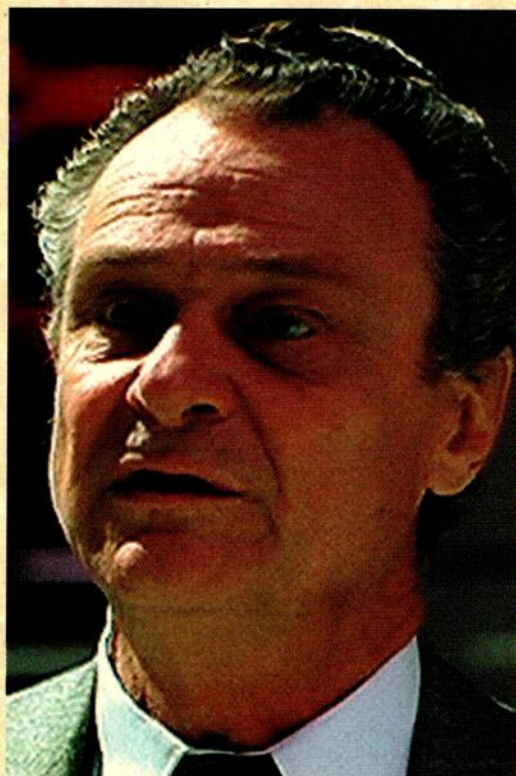
### CHARACTER PROFILE:

Soon after completing his training at the FBI academy, which followed a stint at Oxford to study psychology, Agent Mulder developed a keen interest in the paranormal. He quickly earned the nickname "Spooky." Convinced now that his missing sister, Samantha, was abducted by extraterrestrials, Mulder has made the bureau's unexplained, unsolved "X-Files" his personal obsession. Yet uncovering the truth often proves to be a tricky business, within and without the FBI. However, aided by his loyal partner, Dana Scully, Mulder manages to stay one step ahead in playing this mysterious and often dangerous game.



# X-FILES Dossier:

JERRY HARDIN



<b>NAME:</b>	Jerry Hardin	
<b>CHARACTER:</b>	"Deep Throat"	
<b>AGE:</b>	Unavailable	
<b>D.O.B.:</b>	Unavailable	
<b>BIRTHPLACE:</b>	Texas	
<b>RESIDENCE:</b>	Unavailable	
<b>MARITAL</b>		
<b>STATUS:</b>	Unavailable	
<b>EDUCATION:</b>	Unavailable	
<b>HEIGHT:</b>	6'1"	<b>WEIGHT:</b> 175 lb.
<b>HAIR:</b>	Brown	<b>EYES:</b> Blue
<b>DISTINGUISHING</b>		
<b>FEATURES:</b>	None	

## PROFESSIONAL PROFILE:

Just as the character he plays on *THE X-FILES* is an unknown figure, Jerry Hardin the actor is relatively unknown to the show's legions of fans. Yet the breadth of his experience, largely in supporting roles as a character actor extraordinaire, is astounding. From his early days in regional theater in Texas, Hardin made the Hollywood scene in the early 1970s and has never looked back. A naive expectation that his horse-riding skills would make him a natural for Westerns was dashed by a near extinction of the genre, but he quickly shifted his attention to a vast array of roles. His filmography ranges from *The Firm* (he caught Chris Carter's eye with his depiction of a dastardly corporate lawyer) to *Cujo*. He's appeared in a couple dozen made-for-TV movies, including *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *L.B.J.*, and *Roots II*. His TV series work has yielded a number of recurring rolls, in *L.A. Law*, *Time Trax* and *Star Trek: The Next Generation*. Even with such an impressive résumé, however, Hardin is just now gaining widespread recognition, a well-deserved unknown to him before *THE X-FILES*.

## PERSONAL PROFILE:

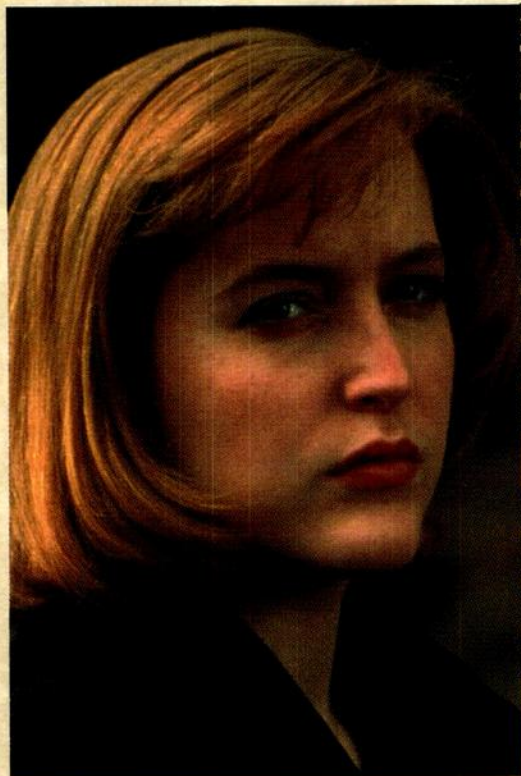
Considering the many years he's spent as one of those faces you know you've seen so many times before in a bunch of different movies and TV shows, Hardin takes his relative anonymity in stride. And while it might seem

tempting for Hardin to make the talk show circuit and talk about his enigmatic character or the paranormal occurrences that form the show's foundation, he really lends no credence to the types of supernatural theories Mulder readily embraces. "I don't believe *any* of it," he once said. Hardin enjoys the opportunity to create a character who raises so many doubts and questions, but he doesn't let that influence his personal beliefs.

## CHARACTER PROFILE:

Many *X-FILES* viewers will recall an earlier Deep Throat, the real-life one who clandestinely fed information to *Washington Post* reporter Bob Woodward regarding the Watergate scandal, secrets that eventually destroyed Richard Nixon's administration. Hardin's fictional character picks right up where the still-unidentified presidency wrecker left off. Shrouded in mystery, *The X-Files'* Deep Throat was one of Agent Mulder's most important and enigmatic contacts. Obviously a man of great influence in the government, he appeared from time to time with leads for the *X-FILES* investigators (he warned Mulder about going to Ellens Air Force Base in their first encounter). His reasons for helping the agents were his own, although his guilt from having once executed an extraterrestrial on government orders may be a factor. Deep Throat is presumed dead after being shot in the first season finale, "The Erlenmeyer Flask."





<b>NAME:</b>	Gillian Anderson	
<b>CHARACTER:</b>	FBI Special Agent Dana Scully	
<b>AGE:</b>	27	
<b>D.O.B.:</b>	9 August 1968	
<b>BIRTHPLACE:</b>	Chicago	
<b>RESIDENCE:</b>	Vancouver, British Columbia	
<b>MARITAL</b>		
<b>STATUS:</b>	Married	
<b>EDUCATION:</b>	B.F.A., Goodman Theatre School, DePaul Univ.	
<b>HEIGHT:</b>	5'3"	<b>WEIGHT:</b> NA
<b>HAIR:</b>	Auburn	<b>EYES:</b> Blue
<b>DISTINGUISHING</b>		
<b>FEATURES:</b>	None	

### PROFESSIONAL PROFILE:

Gillian developed her acting craft at two different venues: the Goodman Theatre School, part of DePaul University in Chicago, and at the summer program offered by the National Theater of Great Britain at Cornell University in Ithaca, N.Y. While still in school, she appeared in *The Turning* (1988). After graduation, Gillian moved to New York, where she latched onto the theater scene. For her 1991 role in the Off Broadway play *Absent Friends*, Gillian won a Theater World Award. She also appeared in *The Philanthropist* at the Long Wharf Theater in New Haven, Conn. Although a part of her wanted to remain in New York and be a part of its vibrant stage world, Gillian succumbed to the Hollywood allure and moved to Los Angeles. While auditioning for various roles, she landed a part in the cable production, "Home Fires Burning," and lent her voice to the audio-cassette adaptation of the novel *Exit to Eden*. After appearing in an episode of TV's *Class of '96*, Gillian auditioned for the role of Scully. Even with her limited experience in TV, Chris Carter immediately knew she was perfect for the part.

### PERSONAL PROFILE:

Gillian's early childhood had an international flavor to it. As one of three Anderson children, she moved with

her family from Chicago to Puerto Rico and then to London, where her father, Ed, attended film school. When Gillian was 11, the Andersons returned to the midwest, settling in Grand Rapids, Mich. Besides the phenomenon surrounding her part in *THE X-FILES*, the biggest moments in Gillian's life have been her marriage, to Clyde Klotz on New Year's Day 1994 in Hawaii, and the birth of their daughter, Piper, on September 25, 1994. They now all live together outside of Vancouver, the show's base.

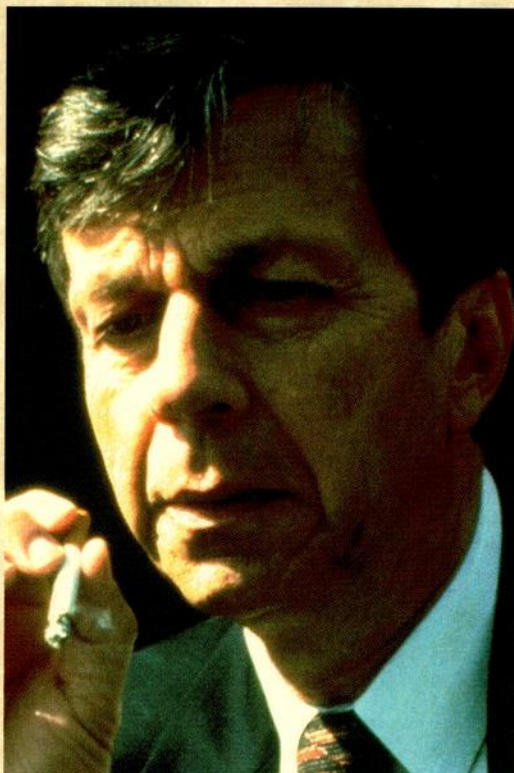
### CHARACTER PROFILE:

Agent Scully has degrees in physics and medicine, which is ideal preparation for working on X-Files cases. After teaching at the FBI Academy for two years, her superiors deemed her the perfect partner for "Spooky" Mulder. Scully's training, especially in forensic medicine and pathology, leads her toward objectivity and common sense when investigating the often-bizarre evidence presented by the X-Files. But she remains open to less pragmatic possibilities, usually with the help of Mulder, who's never afraid to challenge logic and science. And while the Bureau had somewhat expected Scully to debunk what it considered Mulder's contrary theories regarding the paranormal X-Files, her intellect and trust in her partner have instead steered the team to seek the truth—despite all types of impediments.



# X-FILES Dossier:

WILLIAM B. DAVIS



<b>NAME:</b>	William B. Davis	
<b>CHARACTER:</b>	"The Cigarette-Smoking Man"	
<b>AGE:</b>	57	
<b>D.O.B.:</b>	13 January 1938	
<b>BIRTHPLACE:</b>	Toronto	
<b>RESIDENCE:</b>	Vancouver	
<b>MARITAL</b>		
<b>STATUS:</b>	Divorced	
<b>EDUCATION:</b>	Univ. of Toronto, London Academy of Music and Dramatic Arts	
<b>HEIGHT:</b>	6'2 1/2"	<b>WEIGHT:</b> 180 lb.
<b>HAIR:</b>	Brown	<b>EYES:</b> Hazel
<b>DISTINGUISHING</b>		
<b>FEATURES:</b>	None	

## PROFESSIONAL PROFILE:

No, William Davis is *not* a chain smoker in real life. But he is an accomplished actor as well as a teacher of that performing art. And although he does a very credible job portraying the huffing and puffing Cigarette-Smoking Man, his acting skills are what immediately convinced Chris Carter to hire Davis during preproduction of *THE X-FILES* pilot in early 1993. Davis brings a virtual lifetime of experience to the job. A child actor on Canadian radio dramas, Davis later moved to England, where he was director of several repertory theaters. He also worked at the National Theatre with the likes of Albert Finney and Maggie Smith. After moving back to Canada in the late 1960s, he eventually returned to acting and has since assembled a long list of film, TV and stage credits. Along with his regular gig on *THE X-FILES*, he's currently director of The William Davis Centre for Actors' Study in downtown Vancouver.

## PERSONAL PROFILE:

The actor's life has been rewarding and satisfying for Davis since childhood, even if he's not been a household name. Still, it's another wrinkle in his career to now be gaining so much notoriety as the sinister conspirator on *THE X-FILES*, a role he thoroughly enjoys, especially since he's such a warm, congenial man off-camera. It may

surprise some to learn that Davis sees his character more as a hero than a villain, despite The Cigarette-Smoking Man's continual efforts to thwart Mulder and Scully's search for solutions to their supernatural cases. Perhaps it's Davis' dedication to his craft that allows him to perceive The Cigarette-Smoking Man as helping save us all from the Mulders out there who would otherwise open Pandora's Boxes and unleash fear and chaos. "I believe that I'm doing what's necessary," Davis says of his character's devious actions, "what's best for the world."

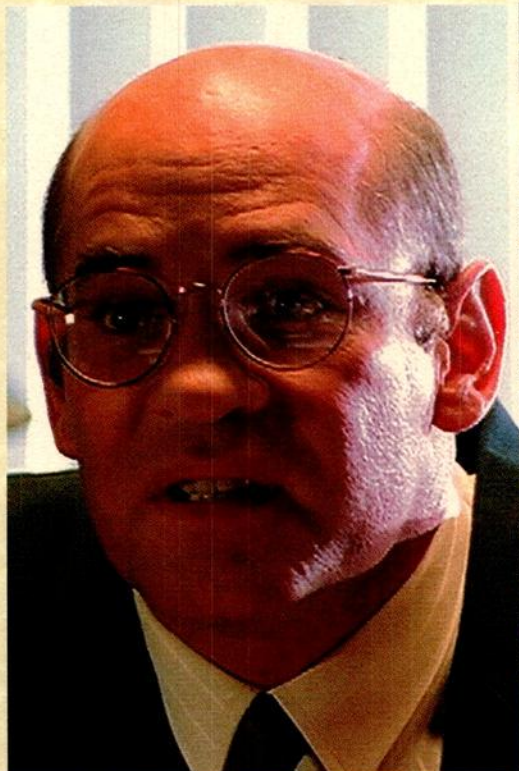
## CHARACTER PROFILE:

He slithers out from behind the shadows, incessantly blowing clouds of smoke, literally and figuratively. The Cigarette-Smoking Man is the prototypical boss who sees his role as that of guardian against those who would bring down the establishment. He twists and hides the truth, convinced that revealing it will do more harm than good. What's truly scary about his attitude is that he's absolutely dedicated. Just as Mulder is willing to die seeking the truth, "Cancer Man" (as Mulder called him in "One Breath") would accept death to suppress it. Yet human history is rife with cover-up artists whose obsession to hide the facts finally led to their downfall. With a team as tenacious as Mulder and Scully, it will be intriguing to see if history again repeats itself.



# X-FILES Dossier:

MITCH PILEGGI



<b>NAME:</b>	Mitch Pileggi	
<b>CHARACTER:</b>	FBI Assistant Director Walter Skinner	
<b>AGE:</b>	43	
<b>D.O.B.:</b>	5 April 1952	
<b>BIRTHPLACE:</b>	Portland, Oregon	
<b>RESIDENCE:</b>	Valencia, Calif.	
<b>MARITAL</b>		
<b>STATUS:</b>	Single	
<b>EDUCATION:</b>	B.A., Univ. of Texas	
<b>HEIGHT:</b>	6'2"	<b>WEIGHT:</b> 200 lb.
<b>HAIR:</b>	Brown	<b>EYES:</b> Brown
<b>DISTINGUISHING</b>		
<b>FEATURES:</b>	None	

## PROFESSIONAL PROFILE:

So just where do casting directors go to find an actor to portray a powerful FBI insider who increasingly sympathizes with a pair of agents considered by many others in the Bureau as dangerous, meddlesome nuts? Actually, Mitch Pileggi auditioned twice, for other parts, before landing the role of Skinner. The show's casting duo, Rick Millikan and Lynne Carrow, weren't at first sure they wanted a guy who'd played a homicidal maniac in Wes Craven's *Shocker*. Pileggi launched his career in Austin, Texas, where he appeared in *Jesus Christ Superstar* and other plays, as well as a few TV productions. Mitch moved to L.A. and landed parts in such films as *Basic Instinct* and Eddie Murphy's latest, *Vampire In Brooklyn*. His TV credits include *Dallas*, *Models Inc.* and *China Beach*. Pileggi finally convinced *THE X-FILES*' producers that he was right for the part. "He had a more virile look than the usual bureaucrat," said one.

## PERSONAL PROFILE:

Although he hails from the Pacific Northwest, Mitch grew up all over the world. His father's job as a subcontractor for the Defense Department found the Pileggis in such faraway locales as Germany, Turkey, Iran and Saudi Arabia. Mitch, who off-camera is considerably more outgoing than the all-business Skinner, brings a very

personal element to his portrayal of Mulder and Scully's superior. Referring to remarks from his mother and brothers and sisters that the character reminds them of Mitch's late father, the actor says: "I've unintentionally, I think, based a lot of Skinner on my father. He was an operations manager and had a lot of people accountable to him. He was very tough on his employees, but he also cared about them a lot."

## CHARACTER PROFILE:

It wasn't until "Tooms," the 21st episode of the premiere season of *THE X-FILES*, that we were introduced to Mulder and Scully's new boss, Walter S. Skinner. The wait was worth it. An ex-Marine known for his non-sense approach, Skinner was replacing Section Chief Blevins, and was expected to keep the maverick agents in line. Yet Skinner manages to see beyond the conspiratorial clouds puffed by his boss, The Cigarette-Smoking Man. Skinner definitely is a company guy, and he did follow orders to shut down the X-Files. But he has enough integrity—as well as trust in the instincts of his truth-seeking charges and outrage over the dirty dealings of Agent Alex Krycek—to reopen them in the episode "Ascension." Indeed, Skinner is so skilled at his double-edged job, Mulder and Scully are often left wondering just whose side the assistant director is on.



EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

# IT'S IN HIS

*Chris Carter,  
the ingenious  
creator  
of THE X-FILES,  
tells the whole  
truth about  
his infectious  
Fox series, Executive Producer  
tv series*

BY SARAH STEGALL

Like Fox Mulder, his alter ego, the creator of *THE X-FILES* says he wants to believe. Speaking from his editing room in Los Angeles last summer, as he is putting the finishing touches on the opening reels of the third season of the award-winning Fox series, Executive Producer Chris Carter talks about his beliefs, faith, trust and *THE X-FILES*.

"I think it's all about religion, really," he says, referring generally to the TV show he created in 1993. "Not necessarily Christian religion, but it's about beliefs—and meaning and truth and why are we here and why are they here and who's lying to us. It's religion with a lower case 'r.'"

Certainly a near-religious fervor has swept *THE X-FILES*' ever-growing viewing audience in the past year, with the show climbing from the "cult" niche to become one of the top-rated shows on the Fox Network. It still surprises the man responsible.

Carter, 39, looks like the very antithesis of the show's male lead and hero, FBI Special Agent Fox Mulder. Tall, tan, blond and possessing a smile out of a toothpaste ad, Carter seems the embodiment of the sunny southern California where he grew up. Reinforcing the image are the facts that he was once a professional potter and remains a passionate surfer. Indeed, for several years after graduating from Cal State Long Beach with a degree in journalism, Carter rode waves around the world for a living, writing for and eventually editing *Surfing* magazine.

Carter finally stemmed his wanderlust in 1983 when he met screenwriter Dori Pierson, whom he married four years later. Besides getting him to settle down, Dori also

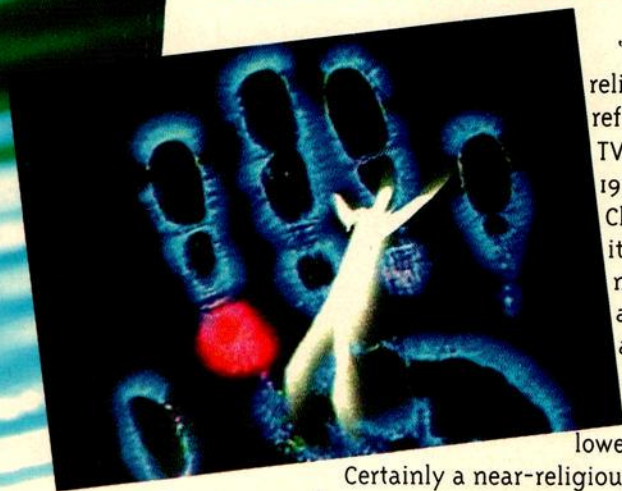


PHOTO: LINDA OKAMURA



# Hands





Carter  
looks like  
the  
antithesis  
of Mulder:  
tall, tan,  
blond and  
possessing  
a smile  
out of a  
toothpaste  
ad... the  
embodiment  
of  
southern  
California

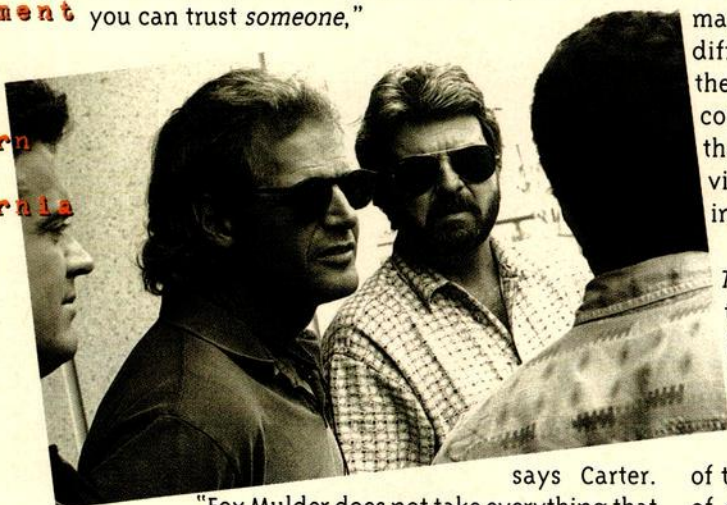
got him to act on another passion: She encouraged Chris to submit his first film screenplay, to Jeffrey Katzenberg at Disney, in 1985. That move landed Carter a three-picture deal at Disney and launched his career as a screenwriter.

Nothing in that part of Carter's background leads you to believe that he would someday be trying his best to fascinate, infuriate and frighten TV viewers every week. However, he admits that despite making several family-oriented TV movies for Disney, his heart was always in the wrong place.

"When I went to Disney, I actually became known as a feature comedy writer," he says. "So that was what people thought of me as, a person who had a certain handle on the voices of contemporary youth and the comedic voice. That's what people kept wanting me to write. I like that [style] very much, and think I can do it, but *THE X-FILES* really is more where my heart is—in scary, dramatic, thriller writing. I think a good writer has many voices and many arrows in his quiver."

Today, Carter is the William Tell of television. His right-on-target voices are the two FBI agents he created, largely from his own internal bag of arrows. Agent Dana Scully is his skeptical side, while Mulder is the part of him that wants to believe. Although it is *not* true that Carter is addicted to sunflower seeds, it is true that his personal philosophy is the basis for the show: "Trust no one." And even that is less harsh than it would first appear.

"The truth is that when you 'trust no one,' there's a tremendous amount of hope there that you can trust *someone*,"



says Carter. "Fox Mulder does not take everything that comes down the pike at face value, but he's definitely looking for the truth. It's really the government versus Mulder and Scully, and what they know, what the government's trying to keep from them and ultimately what they are scratching away at in terms of the truth."

That said, Carter is careful to point out that the purpose of the show is not anti-government propaganda, but rather uncovering the truth. "I think we are feeding into government paranoia. Anti-government paranoia? No. This is about 'trust no one; question authority, don't bomb it.'"

He admits that *THE X-FILES*' eerie, apprehensive atmosphere is a big part of the show's appeal. His intent, from the beginning, was to scare people. "There's nothing else like it on TV," says Carter, who has admitted that one of his influences was *THE NIGHT STALKER*, a seventies TV chiller surrounding the truth-seeking Carl Kolchak. "*THE X-FILES* scares you in a smart way. I think that the mood is interesting to people."

The mood, though, Carter adds, is one that emanates from various sources of distrust. "It's really a cross-genre show. It's got a sort of paranoid, subversive quality, which I think is something that appeals to everyone. It's got a conspiratorial feel, in a couple of senses of that word."

While Carter has always enjoyed a good scare, *THE X-FILES* doesn't draw on his own nightmares to create ours. "I think my nightmares actually are quite like everyone else's, and I'm afraid of the same things everyone else is, which is why I think I can do this show. It's not like my nightmares are that weird or different. If anything they are much more common." He's stated that his fears include violent death and incurable diseases.

As frightening as *THE X-FILES* can be, it's perhaps more so because the themes are timely and topical: genetic testing, animal rights, sexual predators. Carter has his fingers on our pulse—or maybe at our throats. And he's not afraid to tighten his grip.

"I wrote an episode," he says, "episode five of this season ['The List'], that should create a lot of discussion because it involves black men on death row... a very loaded subject. But," he's quick to add, lest fans think he's going mainstream, "we're not *Picket Fences*, we're not *NYPD Blue*, we're not *LA Law*. We don't seek to become the issue-of-the-week show."

So then just what *is* Carter seeking with his show?

**"THE X-FILES IS  
ABOUT BELIEFS AND  
MEANING AND TRUTH  
AND WHY ARE WE  
HERE AND WHY ARE  
THEY HERE AND WHO'S  
LYING TO US."**











"Much of *THE X-FILES* comes from our imaginations, as well as a keen understanding of what scares us. We don't seek to be controversial. I find a story, and we approach it in the way that seems most interesting. If it's controversial, so be it. I'm not looking to challenge any kind of institution or philosophy or religion."

Carter's hit show, meanwhile, has challenged some tried-and-true Hollywood institutions, such as the dictum that a Friday night time slot is doomed to failure. Why does he succeed where so many have succumbed before? Faith in himself, he says. "Everyone's always hedging their bets, because this is a business of failure. Most things fail, and so you are always working with a tremendous amount of hope that your instincts are right."

Carter's instincts led him to go against some of the accepted wisdom of the TV industry. "They say you should redo the pilot six times for the first six shows of a series, so people really understand what the show is," he says as an example. "I don't think that's so smart. I wanted to make sure that, two



Agent Dana  
Scully is  
Chris  
Carter's

episodes past the pilot, we did something that was completely different. Which is why you got "Squeeze." That third episode of the premiere season, written by the since-departed team of Glen Morgan and James Wong, was the first to feature Eugene Tooms, the liver-eating mutant.

Carter works without a net, trusting his own memory and vision of the show to keep it on track. In that spirit, *THE X-FILES* does not have a requisite "bible," the Hollywood term for a predetermined, written guide to the characters and their universe. "I think a bible is a limiting idea. I'd rather be the bible than have it written," says Carter.

And the TV gospel according to Carter is uncomplicated. "The formula for creating a hit series actually is quite simple: Have an interesting show that is well-written, with interesting characters played by interesting performers."

Even though the series also draws interest through some wonderful science-fiction elements, aided by crafty physical and visual special effects, Carter wants them to be more subtle than special. "I prefer to see more obscure, vague, almost

impressionistic images, rather than literal images," he says. "You're going to see vampires, but they're not your run-of-the-mill vampires." Sort of an urban punk bloodsucker? "Exactly. The tendency for everyone who is not creative is to make something look like everything else."

Yet making *THE X-FILES* different requires more than hip vampires and fluke men; it requires unique characters, whose grounding in reality keeps the show believable, even as it deals with the fantastic every week. Their chemistry glues together not only the story elements, but the solid partnership between them, too. "Mulder came first because he was the key to the series, in that he was the person who wanted to believe in this phenomena," Carter says, harkening back to the show's inception. "You need that before you can move ahead. Then Scully came second, as his counterpoint. It's the nature of any interesting relationship. When someone forces you to justify what you believe in, you take that person more seriously. You want that person around to make you think harder. That person really turns you into a better, clearer thinker, which is what Scully does for Mulder. I felt that the series was always from Scully's point of view."

Always?

"It's not *always* from her point of view now," Carter clarifies. "But this series originally was told through Scully's eyes."

"Because we are all skeptics who want to believe."

skeptical  
side,  
while Fox  
Mulder is  
the part  
of him  
that  
wants to  
believe.

Sarah Stegall (munchkyn@netcom.com)

David Duchovny Estrogen Brigade, X-File Illuminati

DDEB Web page: <http://www.egr.uh.edu/>

escoco/DDEB.html



# THE LIGHTNING BOY STRETCHES

BY HOLLY GATES

Can lightning's awesome, and sometimes deadly, power reign on you? Here's the truth...

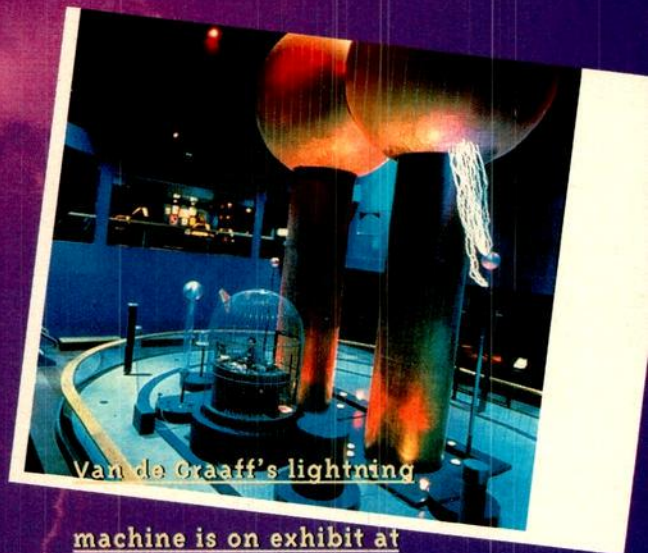
A boy walks to the middle of an open field. Thunder cracks. Black clouds boil overhead. He stretches out his arms, and his fingertips shoot flames. The jagged bolts of light flashing down from the sky have become his personal weapons of destruction.

You remember the episode, "D.P.O."

"We had always talked about doing something called 'Lightning Boy,'" says *THE X-FILES*' Co-Executive Producer, Howard Gordon, who wrote that particular show that aired in October. "He represents disenfranchised heartland youth, a slacker who has this amazing ability to manipulate electricity. The kid is the personification of lightning: dramatic, angry, unpredictable."

While it's improbable that there could ever be a real "lightning boy," it is true that the streaks of fire he manipulates are one of the great unsolved mysteries of





machine is on exhibit at  
Boston's Museum of Science.  
The four-story generator  
can fire up to 15-foot long  
lightning bolts packing  
1.5 million volts of electric-  
ity. Still, it uses less elec-  
tricity than a toaster.



# IT SIZZLES TREES, TOPPLES CARS, ONE WHITE-HOT ELECTRIC BLAST ARE KILLED BY LIGHTNING EACH KILLS MORE THAN FLOODS, TORN

the universe. Physicists can make artificial lightning, and they have developed techniques to study it. But its true nature remains unclear.

What we do know is that lightning is one of the mightiest forces on Earth. It sizzles trees, topples cars, short-circuits humans in one white-hot electric blast. The strongest bolt carries one billion volts of electricity and 20,000 amps of current—enough to power Boston for three months. Such energy can produce a spark 30 miles long and heat up to 50,000°F—five times hotter than the surface of the sun. "Even though a bolt lasts only a thousandth of a second, if you're hit by one, it's hot enough to give you third-degree burns," says Paul Ellingwood of Boston's Museum of Science.

About 100 people in the U.S. are killed by lightning each year. Worldwide, lightning annually takes at least 1,000 lives—more than floods, tornadoes or hurricanes. Out of the 40 million bolts that actually hit the ground in the U.S. each year, conflicting reports claim that anywhere from 400 to 1,500 people are struck—and survive. Pass through "Lightning Alley" in central Florida, and the danger increases, as that 60-mile strip has more than 90 lightning days a year. Mt. Baldy in New Mexico is second, drawing lightning for 50 days annually.

"I was almost struck by lightning," says Howard Gordon. "I was in Hollywood cutting a pilot and was walking with a friend between the editing room and a nearby restaurant. A thunderhead formed over us, and we were caught in a downpour. I heard this tremendous crack, and felt electricity. A lightning bolt hit a car five feet away, and the car jumped into the air. My ear echoed for a half hour afterward. I felt the charge. I felt the heat."

So did high-school football player Toy Trice of Burtonsville, Md. A bolt ripped right through him at practice, searing a hole in his helmet, singeing his jersey and blasting his shoes off. He lived. Yosemite National Park ranger Roy Sullivan was lucky, too, surviving eight direct hits. However, he later committed suicide. "Lightning didn't kill him," says Ellingwood, "but it took a lot out of him. As he got older, he was slower and tired more often. He got depressed."

Why did lightning miss Gordon but strike Trice and Sullivan? No one's quite sure. But science lies behind it. "We're not absolutely certain what causes lightning," says Ellingwood, "but there are a couple of theories."

Essentially, lightning is born from the electricity inside a thundercloud. The cloud is created by hot, wet air that rises and condenses into droplets. If the updraft is strong enough, those drops are pushed higher, to where the air's colder, and freeze into ice crystals and ice balls. The crystals rise; the balls drop. As they rub against each other, the friction creates a build-up of electric charge, positive on top of the cloud, negative on the bottom.

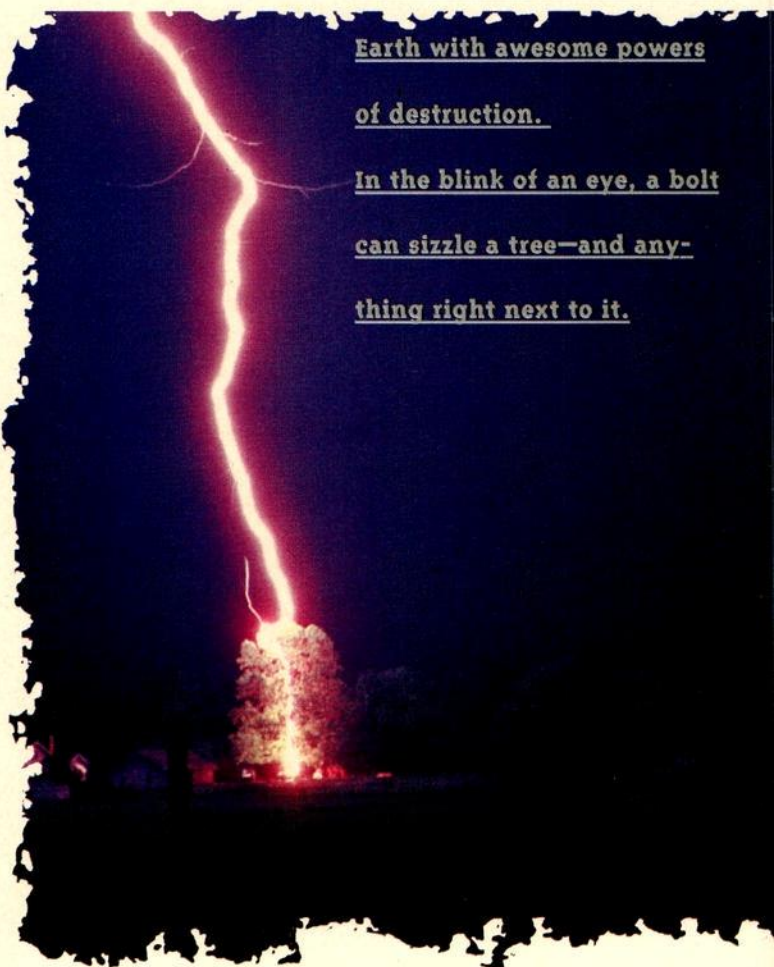
Meanwhile, on the ground, a shadow of positive charge is growing, reacting to the negative charge at the foot of the cloud. Inside the cloud, the pull between the positive and negative charges increases. When it becomes too much for the cloud to take, the atmosphere around it literally blows up, creating lightning.

Here's how: A negative spark, a trickle of electrons, descends to Earth in a jagged path of 50-yard lengths. That faintly glowing trail is called a stepped leader. As it descends, the ground becomes aware of it and sends up rising, positive trails of electrons. Those little streamers can be launched from skyscrapers, the tops of our Like a ferocious river of fire, heads, even blades of grass.

One of them is bound to con- lightning comes streaming to

Earth with awesome powers  
of destruction.

In the blink of an eye, a bolt  
can sizzle a tree—and any-  
thing right next to it.



nect. (That's how lightning rods are supposed to work. They're set up high, close to the clouds, to attract the electron trails coming down and draw them away from anything else on the ground.)

With a violent crack and a blinding flash, the streams of electrons collide. A channel forms, joining the Earth to the supercharged thundercloud, draining the electricity from the cloud to the ground. The section nearest the ground drains first, moving upward; the fiery bolt



# S, SHORT-CIRCUITS HUMANS IN ABOUT 100 AMERICANS YEAR. WORLDWIDE, IT ANNUALLY DOES OR HURRICANES.

you see is actually the return stroke after the connection has been achieved.

While lightning's physics are complicated, avoiding its wrath isn't. If you're caught outside in a thunderstorm, get inside—fast!—or dash for a thickly wooded area or a parked car. Lightning will move over, not through, the vehicle's metal frame. "It's called the skin effect," Ellingwood says. If you're in a house, close the windows and doors—lightning can come through open ones—and stay off the phone! Every year at least three Americans are killed by lightning while talking on the phone. A bolt strikes the connecting wires outside and... Zap! Try not to use sinks, showers or toilets, either. The impurities in the water are ideal electrical conductors and can carry lightning indoors through the pipes.

Of course, the greatest danger is out in the open. Twenty percent of lightning deaths in the U.S. occur on golf courses, where there is little shelter. If you're outdoors during a storm, protect yourself by crouching down with your feet together so the current cannot flow through you. Do not lie flat, as you're much more exposed to the ground shock (it spreads for hundreds of yards) and there's more of you to hit.

Avoid taking cover beneath solitary trees. They are closer to the sky than you are, and thus more likely to attract lightning. Wood is not a good electrical conductor, so the lightning can bounce off it and strike you.

Gordon sums it up: "Take lightning very seriously." Clearly, it's not to be messed with. And yet people do, from Benjamin Franklin in 1752, flying his kite with a key on the end of it during a storm, to prove that lightning is electrical, to Dr. Robert Van de Graaff, who in 1931 built an atom-splitting machine that creates lightning. The four-story tall generator is on exhibit at the Museum of Science in Boston. It can fire up to 15-foot long lightning bolts packing about 1.5 million volts of electricity.

Technicians simply plug the machine into an outlet in the wall, just like a toaster. "But it uses less electricity to make lightning than a toaster would to brown two pieces of bread," says Ellingwood, who demonstrates the machine. He's protected by a metal cage that operates on the principle of the "skin effect" just as a car does. Grounded wires around the structure prevent currents from leaping out and injuring spectators.

It's one thing to know how it works, but just what is lighting? Eons ago, it may have sparked the beginnings of life from the primordial soup. Lightning provides up to one-third of Earth's vital chemicals, burning so hot that oxygen and nitrogen in the air combine, cooking up a shower of fertilizing nitrates. Lightning may have been the planet's first source of fire, helping trees germinate and clearing tracts where they could grow.

But that's not what pulls us to the window to watch a thunderstorm. That's not why we stay out in a hurricane.

We're hoping to witness the fireworks of the gods. Says Gordon: "Lightning's the greatest show on Earth."

Myths and legends abound: the Greek god Zeus hurling his thunderbolts at mortals who incur his wrath; Dr. Frankenstein harnessing the angry skies to zap a monster to life. And why not? Science still has a long way to go before it can explain all of lightning's phenomena. Take ball lightning: the fiery spheres have been sighted since ancient times, and still, no one knows what they are. "They're often confused with UFO's," Ellingwood says. One hypothesis is that during a storm, part of the atmosphere superheats and turns into a glowing plasma sphere that's surrounded by an electric field.

There have been reports that the balls follow people. When you run, explains Ellingwood, the air pressure drops behind you, leaving a wake. Ball lightning is drawn to that wake, and follows it. If you stand still, the ball moves around you, repulsed by your electric field.

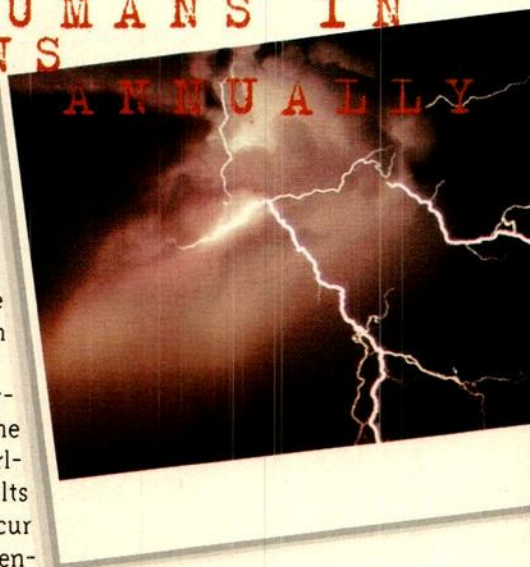
The eerie fluorescence of St. Elmo's Fire is another freak of lightning's nature. The story goes that during electric storms, sailors would see the masts of their ship start to glow. That glow is called a corona. What it means is that lightning is near. The mast is drinking in electricity from a nearby thundercloud, but the current is not strong enough to create a spark.

Sailors figured that the "fire" meant their ship was safe, and considered it a good luck sign, naming it after their patron saint. In a sense, they were right; lightning hadn't struck—yet. "If you see a corona forming around your fingertips," says Ellingwood, "you don't have all that long. It's only seconds before lightning strikes."

Pilots see flashes of a different kind, high above the thunderclouds. They've nicknamed the weird red and blue streaks "sprites." It's anyone's guess what they do, or how they affect the Earth. All we know is, they're there.

Electricity is everywhere. "Even your thought process is electrical," says Ellingwood. "Electric impulses go from one neuron to another." Electricity powers your heart. It powers the skies. If everything is indeed linked by electric current, perhaps "lightning boy's" connection to the flickering heavens isn't that farfetched. The truth is in us... and out there.

*Holly Gates is a freelance writer in New York City, where 42,000 flashes of lightning occurred last year, according to Global Atmospherics of Tucson, AZ.*





# FILLING IN THE BLANKS

BY SHERYL KAHN

MAT BECK, VISUAL EFFECTS PRODUCER FOR  
*THE X-FILES*, USES HIGH-TECH TOOLS TO BUILD  
IMAGES WHERE THERE WERE NONE BEFORE

When Mat Beck goes to work creating computerized special effects for *The X-Files*, he reminds himself of Fox Mulder's motto. "You know the poster in his office, 'I Want to Believe'? Well, that's what I think our audience wants—to believe."

So, using complex computer generated imagery (CGI) and digital animation, Mat convincingly renders any *X-FILES* creature, spacecraft or crime real. "We can whip up shape-shifting aliens, life-draining little green bugs and shadows capable of sucking people into oblivion," he says. "And if we do our job well, you'll never notice the wires behind the curtain. My goal is to make you think this could happen right in your own backyard."

Before he became the show's Visual Effects Producer, Mat cut his FX teeth on more than 30 movies—including *Star Trek*, *True Lies*, *Hot Shots* and *Strange Days*. "But I guess I'm never really prepared for what the creative team of *THE X-FILES* will throw at me," he says. "Every time I read a script it's more outlandish than the last, and I know I have my work cut out for me."

Mat's job starts with a creative conference in the show's Los Angeles offices—usually with creator Chris Carter, other producers and the director. "They sit me down and say, 'Can we do this?' My answer is always the same: 'This is *THE X-FILES*. We can do *anything*, I think.'"

Tight shooting schedules (an episode is filmed in about eight days) and even tighter budgets (the show costs \$1.2 million per episode—compared to a typical special effects movie which would cost 10 to 100 times that) make Mat indispensable. "On a movie you might build some of these effects—and spend months and millions doing it. We don't have either luxury."

Ideally, he has a few weeks to prep and produce each episode's effects. "Other times, I've only had 24 hours to turn something around. Meeting those deadlines really makes you believe in alternate realities."

Mat sketches out ideas on his Mac Powerbook, then works with several Vancouver and L.A. post-production studios to achieve the final film for broadcast. He works closely with David Gauthier, the show's physical effects supervisor in Vancouver. "Dave is responsible for all physical effects that actually happen in front of camera, like explosions, car crashes, bullet hits, sparks, fires... and he does an amazing job. Visual effects will sometimes start with those and add more tricks. Sometimes we'll just hide some of Dave's machinery. But the best effects, like the best stories, combine the real with the imaginary."

When the episode "Soft Light" called for a scientist's shadow to reduce people to piles of ash, David created





The visual FX  
team created a  
starry  
background in  
a computer and  
digitally  
composited it  
with the live-  
action footage  
to create the  
dream scene.



The actors  
were filmed in  
front of a  
blue screen.

Then Beck's  
visual FX are  
added behind.



Creating  
Mulder's  
visions in  
"The Blessing  
Way" was a  
trip to blue-  
screen heaven.







some flame elements that Mat used to produce the shadow's energy effect. "I called Dave at the last minute and asked him to create some dynamic blue sparkles in the right perspective," says Mat. "The result was perfect, and out-did a week of computer time. Dave saved my butt again."

Working with the director is also important in Mat's work. When Mulder sees a hovering spaceship in "Deep Throat," actor David Duchovny was actually staring at an empty blue screen stage. After calling the director, Daniel Sackheim, to get the exact timing that Dan needed, Mat told David

where and when to look. "He reacted as if it was really up there, and his eyes followed an invisible ball of light across the sky." Later, Mat superimposed a CGI saucer and blinding lights into the film and matched them with Mulder's point of view.

Mat's favorite effects, however, are much more down-to-earth. "I actually like the mundane stuff—the things that the audience never notices." In the second season's eerie finale, "Anasazi," for example, he placed Mulder in the Arizona mountains—without Duchovny ever setting foot outside the Vancouver set.

"We see Mulder and his Navajo guide riding a motorcycle through red hills and cliffs," Mat says. In reality, the scene was shot in a rock quarry in Vancouver on a dirt path. "We got separate shots of the Arizona landscape, then put them together with the shots on the bike. Voila! Instant Arizona!"

A similar technique was used to show Mulder making a phone call from an Atlantic City casino in "Jersey Devil." "David had no time to make a trip back East, so we shot him talking on a pay phone here [in Vancouver] in front of a blue screen. Later, we added stock footage of a casino and the sound effects of clanging slot machines. If you watch the scene, you'd swear he was there."

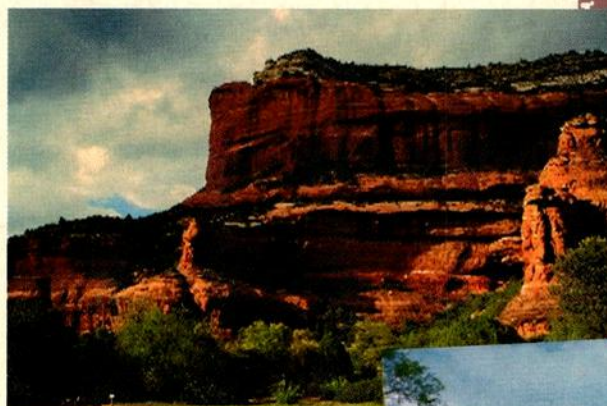
In "F. Emasculata," Mat and his team created a flock of feasting vultures—minus an actual flock. "We only rented two vultures," Mat explains. "So I shot the birds, and some huge bugs, at a bunch of different angles and assembled a small convention

in the computer. The worst part was the jokes about the vultures flying in and packing their lunch in carrion luggage."

Occasionally Mat is called upon to do clean-ups—"the little details and inconsistencies that you think no one will notice. But in my experience, the fans always catch them."

In "Dod Kalm," for instance, a last-minute script change called for a different actor to deliver a line. "The line was originally spoken by the boat captain—and shot that way," he says. "But in the final edit we decided that the first mate should say it off-camera." Just one problem: In the background of the scene, the captain was still blabbing away. Mat used his computer to literally "zip the captain's lip." We manipulated the film so his mouth was sealed."

In the abduction scene in "Little Green Men," Mat magically suspended Mulder's sister Samantha in mid-air by erasing the wires attached to her arms and legs. "That was the easy part," he admits. "But to make the window look like real glass, we shot her



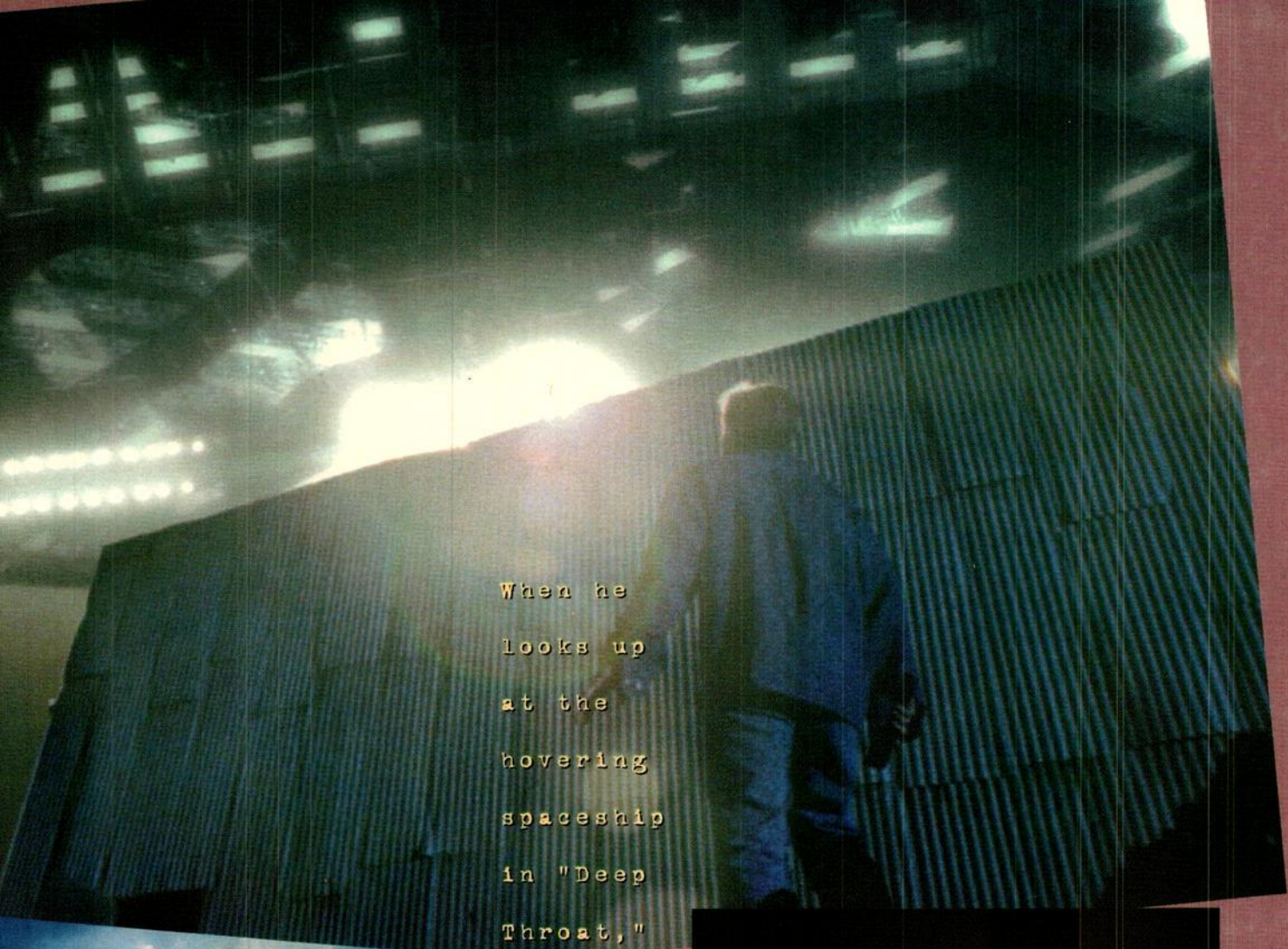
with a separate camera from a different angle, and made that look like a reflection. Now see if you can figure how we got through the window."

As *THE X-FILES* films its third season, Mat says his job will continue to get more complicated. "Technology keeps evolving as our plots get stranger and stranger," he laughs. "So I know they'll be some challenges down the road. We can't stop now. The truth is out there." *Sheryl Kahn is a freelance writer in New York City.*

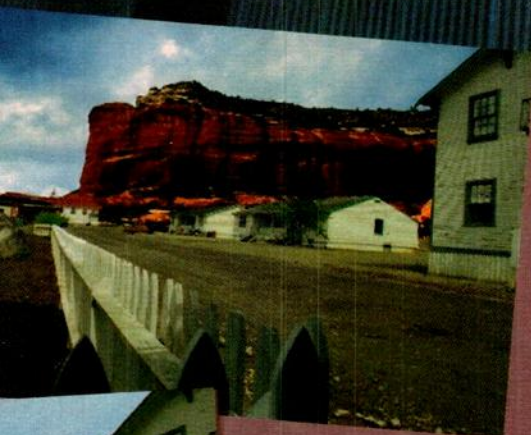
**"IF I DO MY JOB, YOU'LL NEVER NOTICE THE TECHNICAL WIZARDRY IN ACTION. MY GOAL IS TO MAKE YOU THINK THIS COULD HAPPEN IN YOUR OWN BACKYARD."**



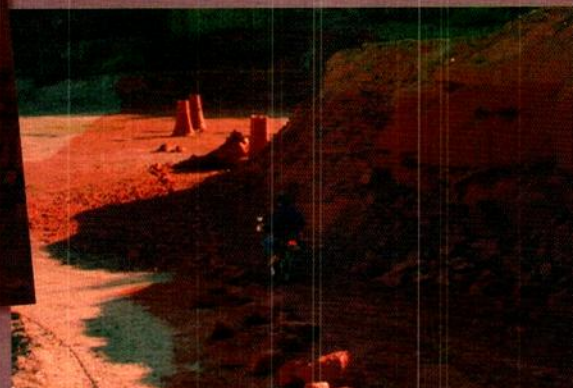
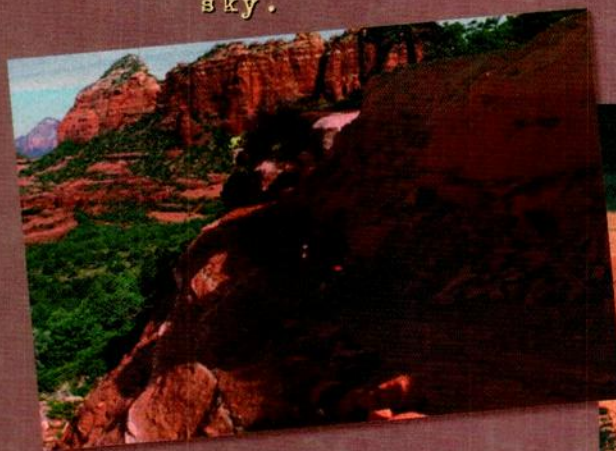
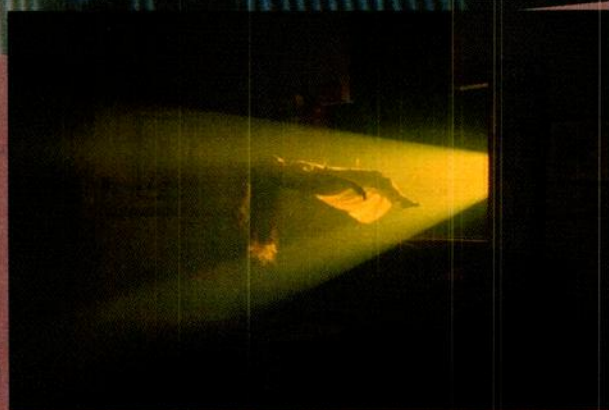




When he  
looks up  
at the  
hovering  
spaceship  
in "Deep  
Throat,"



David  
Duchovny  
was  
actually  
staring at  
a blank  
sky.





# THE X-FILES MAGAZINE

## Questionnaire

### TELL THE TRUTH... HERE!!

**W**e want to keep close tabs on our readers. You never know who's out there thumbing through this mag. We also want to know what you think of *THE X-FILES MAGAZINE*. Help us by filling out this confidential questionnaire. Mail it in and you'll be eligible to receive a free *X-FILES* trading card!

1. Where did you purchase this copy of *THE X-FILES MAGAZINE*?

- ☐ Comics/card shop ☐ Bookstore ☐ Newsstand  
☐ Drug, Supermarket or Convenience store  
☐ Catalog ☐ Other \_\_\_\_\_

2. How would you rate this premiere issue overall?

- ☐ Excellent ☐ Very Good ☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor

3. What specifically did you enjoy most about this issue?

\_\_\_\_\_

4. What did you enjoy least?

\_\_\_\_\_

5. Describe one thing we could do to make *THE X-FILES MAGAZINE* better.

\_\_\_\_\_

6. Would you like to see *THE X-FILES MAGAZINE* published regularly? ☐ Yes ☐ No

If yes, how often? ☐ Monthly ☐ Bi-monthly ☐ Quarterly

7. Besides yourself, how many other people read this copy of *THE X-FILES MAGAZINE*? \_\_\_\_\_

8. How much time did you spend reading *THE X-FILES MAGAZINE*?

- ☐ More than 1 hour ☐ 30-60 minutes ☐ 15-30 minutes  
☐ Less than 15 minutes

9. Name three other magazines you regularly read.

\_\_\_\_\_

10. Are you a regular reader of *THE X-FILES* comics?

- ☐ Yes ☐ No If no, why not? \_\_\_\_\_

11. Have you purchased any of the *X-FILES* trading cards?

- ☐ Yes ☐ No

If no, why not? \_\_\_\_\_

12. Would you be interested in attending an official *X-FILES* convention? ☐ Yes ☐ No

13. If you have already attended an *X-FILES* convention, what did you enjoy about it?

\_\_\_\_\_

14. Are you: ☐ Male ☐ Female

15. Your age is: ☐ 12 years or younger ☐ 13-17  
☐ 18-25 ☐ 26-35 ☐ 35-49 ☐ Over 50

16. You have completed: ☐ high school ☐ college/no degree  
☐ college/degree ☐ post-graduate college/no degree  
☐ post-graduate college/degree

17. You live in a: ☐ rural area ☐ suburban area  
☐ small city ☐ large city

18. Do you or anyone in your family own a personal computer?

- ☐ Yes ☐ No

If no, do you use one at school?

- ☐ Yes ☐ No

19. Do you or anyone in your family subscribe to any commercial on-line computer services? ☐ Yes ☐ No If yes, which one(s)?

- ☐ Delphi ☐ America Online ☐ CompuServ ☐ Prodigy  
☐ Microsoft ☐ Other \_\_\_\_\_

Thank you for your cooperation in this "case." As a token of our appreciation, when we receive your completed questionnaire, we'll send you a free *X-FILES* promotional trading card. But you must send a self-addressed, stamped envelope (#10, business-size). And please, one card per reader.

**Mail to: *THE X-FILES MAGAZINE*, Questionnaire #1,  
 One Whitehall St., New York, NY 10004**

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Yes! Please send me a free *X-FILES* trading card. I have enclosed a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Offer good while supplies last and expires 3/30/96. It's good in the U.S. and Canada only.



# SEASON 3 Episode 4 16995 Guide

1

**EPISODE:** 3X01 (PART 2 OF 3)

## "The Blessing Way"

**ORIGINAL AIR DATE:** 9.22.95

### CAST:

David Duchovny . . . . . AGENT FOX MULDER

Gillian Anderson . . . . . AGENT DANA SCULLY

### GUEST CAST:

Mitch Pileggi . . . . . ASST. DIRECTOR SKINNER

Peter Donat . . . . . WILLIAM MULDER

Floyd Red Crow Westerman . . . . . ALBERT HOSTEEN

Melinda McGraw . . . . . MELISSA SCULLY

Sheila Larken . . . . . MARGARET SCULLY

Nicholas Lea . . . . . AGENT ALEX KRYCEK

William B. Davis . . . . . THE CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN

John Neville . . . . . THE WELL-MANICURED MAN

Jerry Hardin . . . . . DEEP THROAT

Alf Humphreys . . . . . DR. POMERANTZ

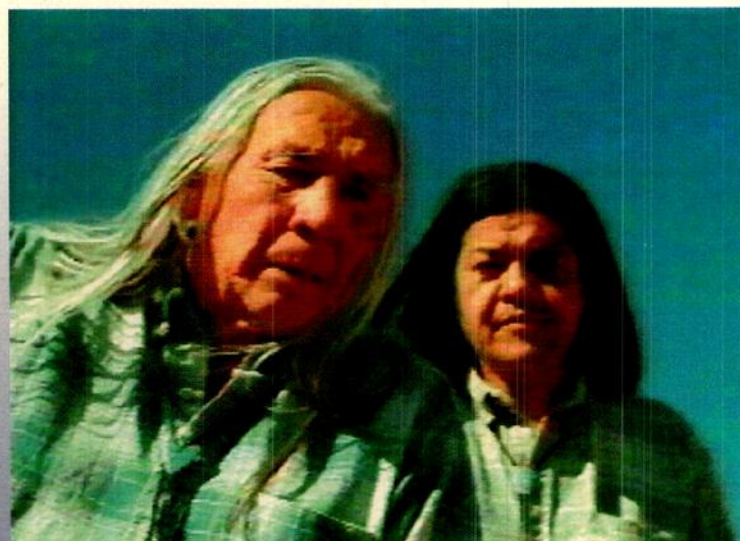
Tom Braidwood . . . . . FROHIKE

Dakota House . . . . . ERIC HOSTEEN

Tim Michael . . . . . ALBERT'S SON

Michael David Simms . . . . . SENIOR AGENT

Rebecca Toolan . . . . . MRS. MULDER



Mulder is  
dying; Scully  
almost loses  
her job.

Don S. Williams . . . . . 1ST ELDER

Forbes Angus . . . . . MD

Mitch Davies . . . . . CAMOUFLAGE MAN

Benita Ha . . . . . TOUR GUIDE

Ian Victor . . . . . MINISTER

Ernie Foort . . . . . SECURITY GUARD

Lenno Britos . . . . . HISPANIC MAN

Stanley Walsh . . . . . 2ND ELDER

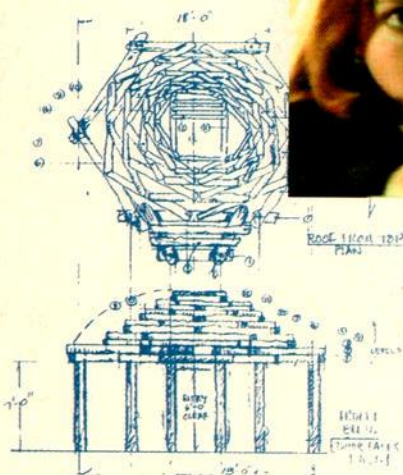
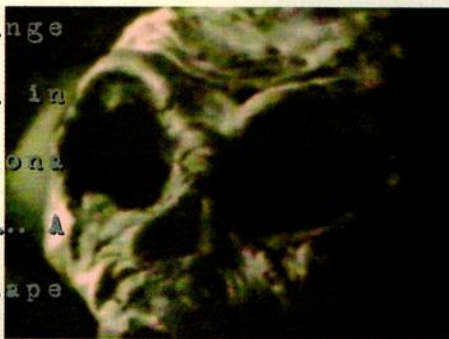
John Moore . . . . . 3RD ELDER



# SEASON 3 "The Blessing Way"



Strange  
goings-on in  
the Arizona  
desert... A  
missing tape  
(what's on  
it?) and the  
deadly  
attempts to  
retrieve it...  
A spooky  
Navajo ritual



## PLOT SUMMARY:

Picking up where last season's cliffhanger finale, "Anasazi," left off, Mulder hangs perilously between life and death, while Scully returns to Washington, where she finds her career—and her life—are both in jeopardy.

Believing Mulder is dead, Scully heads back to headquarters when her car is stopped by armed men searching for the digital tape containing the government's secret files on extraterrestrials. When she reaches the FBI, Scully is suspended—and frustrated that Assistant Director Skinner seems unwilling to champion her cause.

After setting off a sensitive detector, Scully is horrified to discover that some kind of an implant is buried in the back of her neck. Realizing it must have been put there during her abduction the previous year, she heeds the advice of her sister, Melissa, and agrees to go through regression hypnosis. But Scully breaks off the session before the therapist is able to make any real progress.

Back in Arizona, Albert Hosteen finds Mulder, barely alive after having crawled up a tunnel leading from the fire-bombed underground boxcar to the desert floor. To heal Mulder, Albert and his Navajo brothers initiate an ancient ceremony called "The Blessing Way." While lying in this fugue state, Mulder receives what appear to be visitations from his father and "Deep Throat," urging him not to die, but to return to life so that he can uncover the truths for which they both died.

At the funeral for Mulder's father, Scully is approached by a "Well-Manicured Man," who warns her that her life is in danger. Mulder's mother returns home and is shocked to find Mulder there, healed by the Navajo and determined to learn why his father was killed. Still unnerved by the Well-Manicured Man's warning, Scully is stopped by Skinner, who takes her to Mulder's apartment. A moment later, Melissa Scully shows up at her sister's apartment, where she's mistakenly shot by Krycek and a "Hispanic Man," who take the chip that had been removed from Scully's neck. Scully, meanwhile, suspects Skinner may be the one sent to kill her, and draws her revolver on him—only to have him draw his gun on her. On this intense standoff, the episode ends.





2

EPISODE: 3X02 (PART 3 OF 3)

## "Paper Clip"

ORIGINAL AIR DATE: 9.29.95

### CAST:

David Duchovny . . . . . AGENT FOX MULDER

Gillian Anderson . . . . . AGENT DANA SCULLY

### GUEST CAST:

Mitch Pileggi . . . . . ASST. DIRECTOR SKINNER

Walter Cotell . . . . . KLEMPER

Melinda McGraw . . . . . MELISSA SCULLY

Sheila Larken . . . . . MARGARET SCULLY

Nicholas Lea . . . . . AGENT ALEX KRYCEK

William B. Davis . . . . . THE CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN

John Neville . . . . . THE WELL-MANICURED MAN

Tom Braidwood . . . . . FROHIKE

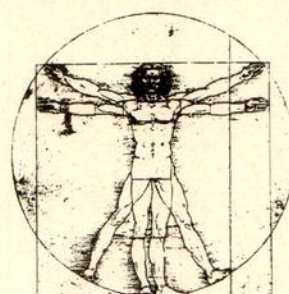
Dean Haglund . . . . . LANGLEY

Bruce Harwood . . . . . BYERS

Floyd Red Crow Westerman . . . . . ALBERT HOSTEEN

Rebecca Toolan . . . . . MRS. MULDER

Don S. Williams . . . . . 1ST ELDER



Mulder and  
Scully are

forced to  
work without  
the FBI. Who  
can they  
trust?

Robert Lewis . . . . . ER DOCTOR

Lenno Britos . . . . . HISPANIC MAN

Stanley Walsh . . . . . 2ND ELDER

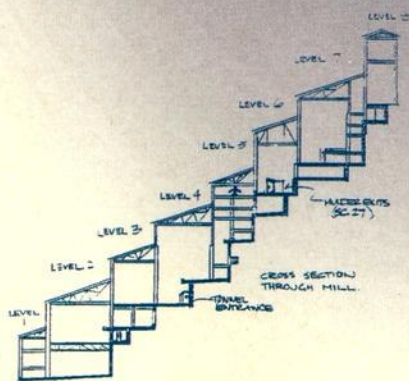
John Moore . . . . . 3RD ELDER





An abandoned

mine... The  
murky past  
of Mulder's  
family... A  
very close  
encounter.



### PLOT SUMMARY:

In this conclusion of the three-part story that began with "Anasazi," Mulder and Scully are reunited, only to find their lives are so threatened by what they've uncovered that they may not be able to return to work at the FBI.

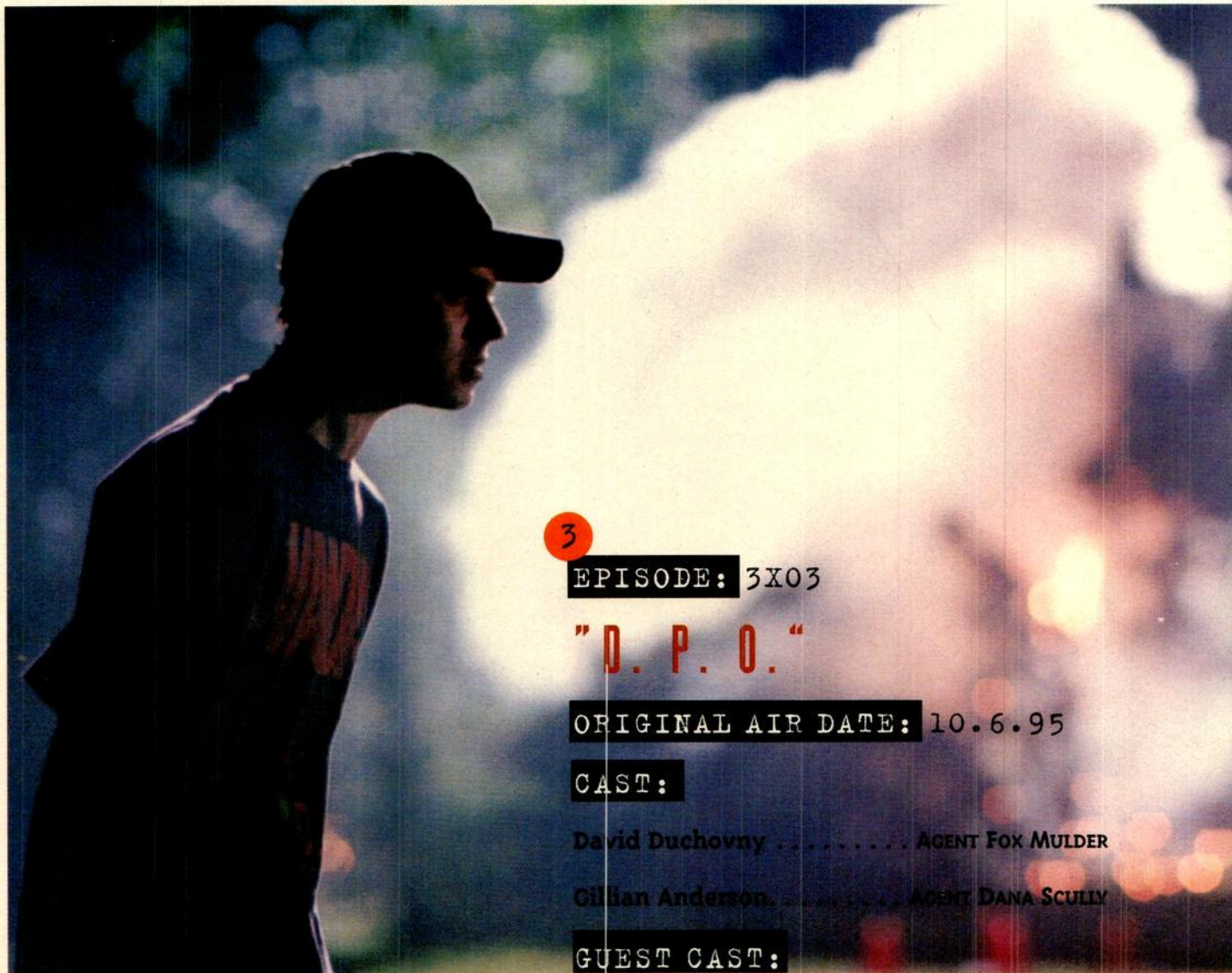
Resuming in Mulder's apartment, Scully and Skinner's standoff is broken by the reappearance of Mulder. Skinner reveals that he removed the digital tape from Mulder's office and has it. He persuades Mulder and Scully to let him keep it as a way of getting the two agents reinstated.

With help from the Lone Gunmen, Mulder and Scully meet Victor Klemper, an ex-Nazi scientist who worked with Mulder's father after World War II on a secret government project. Klemper directs them to an abandoned mine in West Virginia, where they find a vast filing system, including files on Scully, as well as Mulder's long-lost sister, Samantha. But their discovery is interrupted by the approach of armed men in CIA cars. As they flee, Mulder spots what appears to be a vast alien spacecraft, while Scully finds herself in a tunnel with strange creatures that may or may not be alien.

Skinner goes to see Scully's sister in the hospital, where she's still listed in critical condition from the gunshot wound. On the way out, he's attacked by Krycek and some other thugs, who take the digital tape. The Cigarette-Smoking Man then attempts to kill Krycek for bungling the Scully assassination attempt, but miscalculates—instead, Krycek gets away, still in possession of the tape. Skinner, meanwhile, forces The Cigarette-Smoking Man to accept Mulder and Scully's reinstatement, threatening to have Albert Hosteen reveal the contents of the digital tape if they're harmed.

In an emotional confrontation, Mulder forces his mother to admit the truth—that his father traded his sister's life away to the dark forces that abducted her as a child. He meets Scully at the hospital, where she's devastated to learn that her sister has died. As they both grieve, the two agents pledge a renewed commitment to find the answers for which their loved ones were sacrificed.





3

**EPISODE:** 3X03

**"D. P. O."**

**ORIGINAL AIR DATE:** 10.6.95

**CAST:**

David Duchovny . . . . . AGENT FOX MULDER

Gillian Anderson . . . . . AGENT DANA SCULLY

**GUEST CAST:**

Giovanni Ribisi . . . . . DARREN PETER OSWALD

Jack Black . . . . . BART LIQUORI ("ZERO")

Ernie Lively . . . . . SHERIFF TELLER

Karen Witter . . . . . SHARON KIVEAT

Steve Makaj . . . . . FRANK KIVEAT

Peter Anderson . . . . . STAN BUXTON

Kate Robbins . . . . . MRS. OSWALD

Mar Andersons . . . . . JACK HAMMOND

Brent Chapman . . . . . TRAFFIC COP

Jason Anthony Griffith . . . . . 1ST PARAMEDIC

Cavan Cunningham . . . . . 2ND PARAMEDIC

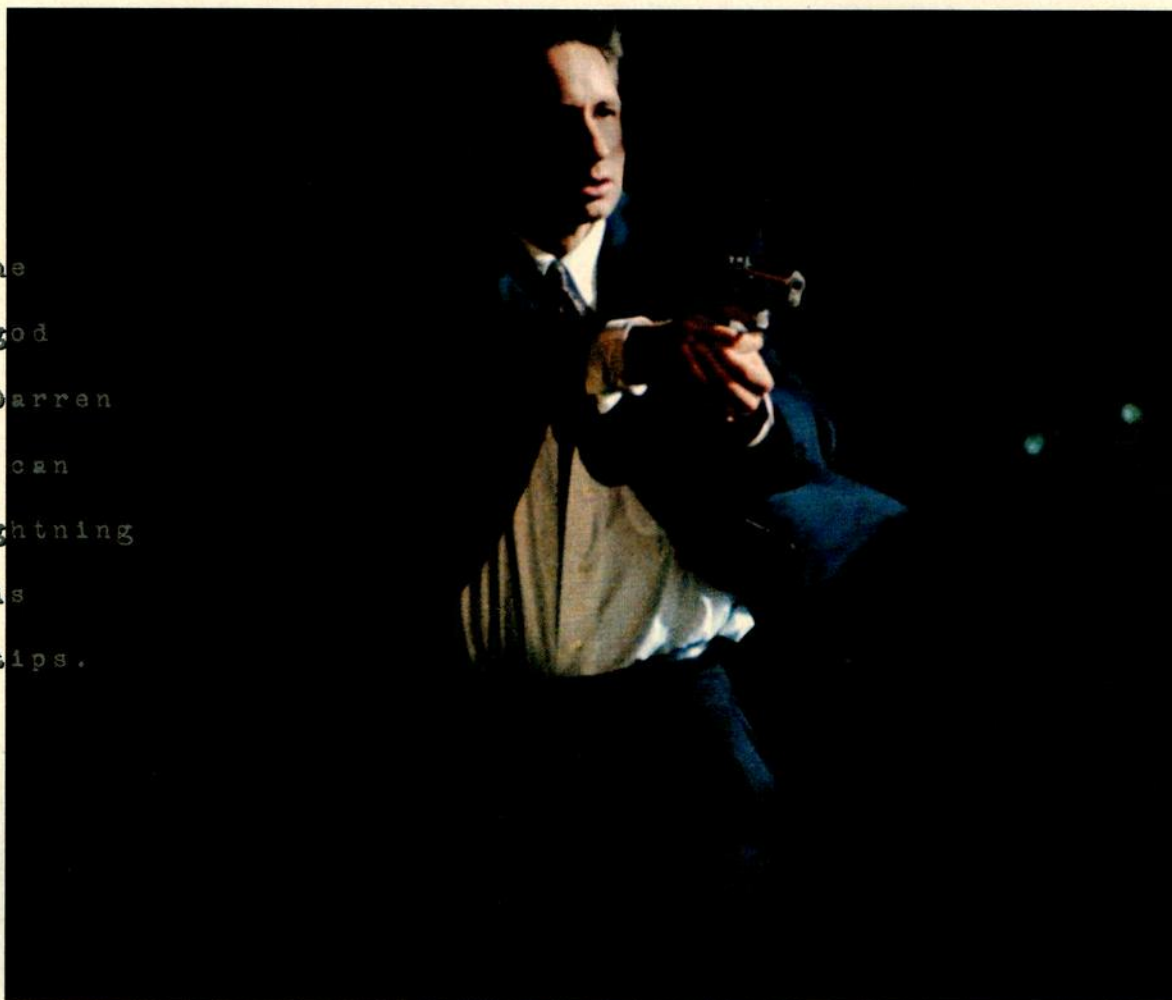
Bonnie Hay . . . . . NIGHT NURSE

A hot-headed  
teenager  
leads Mulder  
and Scully on  
a sizzling  
trail of  
death and  
destruction.





Like the  
Greek god  
Zeus, Darren  
Oswald can  
zap lightning  
from his  
fingertips.



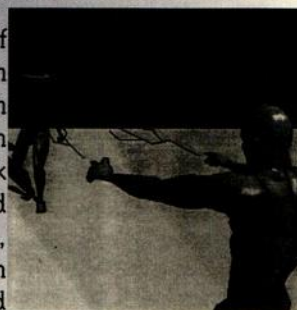
### PLOT SUMMARY:

A series of bizarre lightning-related deaths brings Mulder and Scully to a small Midwestern town, where their suspicions turn on a teenage boy—who himself once was struck by lightning.

Arriving in Connerville, Oklahoma, Mulder and Scully must first contend with the local sheriff, Teller, who says all the deaths were clearly caused by lightning, and sees no need for federal involvement. But Mulder and Scully note that a young mechanic, Darren Peter Oswald, was connected to all the victims. Mulder soon formulates the theory that when Oswald was struck by lightning, it somehow changed his physiology, allowing him to become a kind of lightning rod, capable of directing lethal doses of current at whomever he chooses.

Indeed, Oswald has been unleashing his deadly energy at anyone or anything that annoys him, from a thug at a video arcade to cows grazing outside his house. His latest target is Frank Kiveat, his

boss and the husband of Sharon Kiveat, the high school teacher with whom Darren's fallen in love. After giving Frank a heart attack, Oswald kills his own best friend, Zero, on the mistaken belief that he's tipped off Mulder and Scully to his supernatural might. Oswald then heads to the hospital to take away Sharon, but Scully and Mulder get in the way, helping her escape. When Teller—still skeptical of Oswald's powers—attempts to apprehend him, he becomes the boy's final victim. At story's end, Oswald appears to have lost his murderous "gift," but the gaze in his eyes—and his ability to change TV channels without a remote—leave us with the unsettling impression that he may simply have found a way to hide it.





4

EPISODE: 3X04

# "Clyde Bruckman's Final Repose"

ORIGINAL AIR DATE: 10.13.95

CAST:

David Duchovny . . . . . AGENT FOX MULDER

Gillian Anderson . . . . . AGENT DANA SCULLY

## GUEST CAST:

Peter Boyle . . . . . CLYDE BRUCKMAN

Stu Charno . . . . . PUPPET

Frank Cassini . . . . . DETECTIVE CLINE

Dwight McFee . . . . . DETECTIVE HAVEZ

Alex Diakun . . . . . TAROT CARD READER

Karin Konoval . . . . . MADAME ZELMA

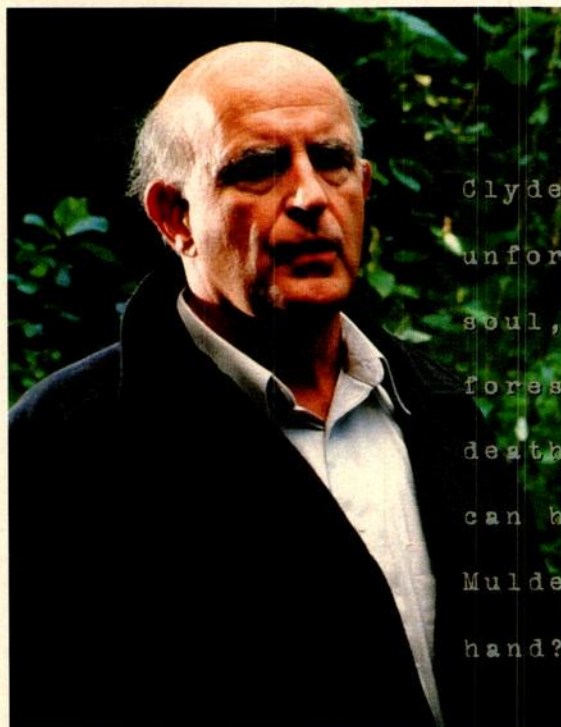
Ken Roberts . . . . . CLERK

Jaap Broeker . . . . . THE STUPENDOUS YAPPI

David MacKay . . . . . YOUNG HUSBAND

Greg Anderson . . . . . PHOTOGRAPHER

Doris Rands . . . . . MRS. LOWE



Clyde, an  
unfortunate  
soul, can  
foresee  
deaths. But  
can he lend  
Mulder a  
hand?



## SEASON 3 "Clyde Bruckman's Final Repose"

### PLOT SUMMARY:

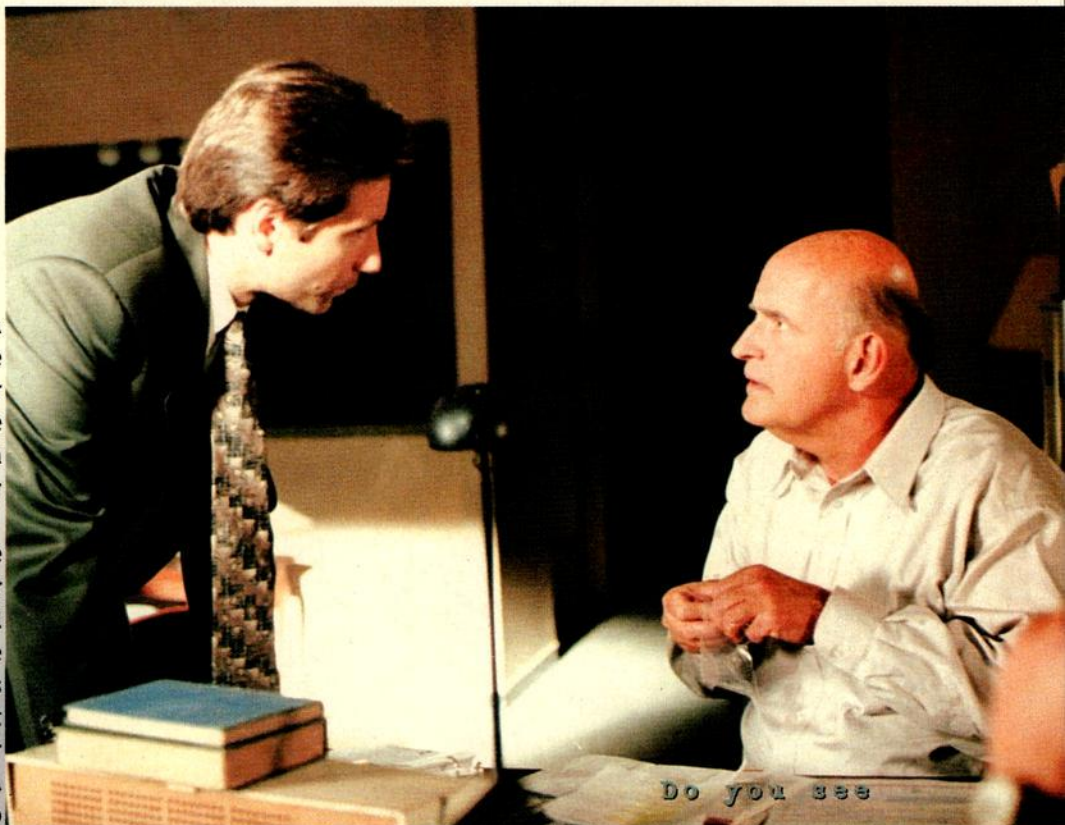
In Minneapolis/St. Paul, a number of fortune tellers are falling victim to a serial killer who wants them to foresee the one thing none of them can—why he's committing these terrible murders.

Upon their arrival at the latest crime scene, Mulder and Scully ironically find themselves playing the unlikely role of skeptics when local law enforcement brushes them aside in favor of "the Stupendous Yappi," a would-be psychic who claims to offer clues that might help catch the killer. Mulder is dubious of Yappi's powers, but—when the body of yet another victim is found in a dumpster—finds himself intrigued by Clyde Bruckman, the life-insurance salesman who found the corpse.

Although Mulder is convinced of Bruckman's psychic abilities, Bruckman is not only reluctant to assist their investigation, but also has only very limited prescient powers; for the most part, he can only foretell how someone is going to die. Disturbingly, Bruckman sees the serial killer imagining Mulder's death—in a kitchen immediately after Mulder steps on a cream pie.

After the murderer sends Bruckman a threatening letter, Mulder and Scully take Clyde into protective custody, where he tells Scully he foresees the two of them in bed together. He will be lying with tears streaming down his cheeks, he says, and she will be tenderly holding his hand. Shortly thereafter, the kitchen scenario comes true: Mulder finds himself standing on a cream pie, but turns. It's the killer—yet he, not Mulder, ends up dying. Mulder and Scully return to Bruckman.

only to discover that he wasn't a victim of the killer, but of his own hand. His ability to foresee grisly deaths ultimately proved too much for him to bear. Scully sits on the bed where Bruckman lies dead, tenderly holding his hand. She realizes then the full meaning of Bruckman's prediction about their common fate.



what I see?  
Mulder pooh-  
poohs Yappi,  
but he's got  
a hunch about  
Clyde.

[illegible]



# GROUND ZERO

BY KEVIN J. ANDERSON

*Based on the  
characters  
created by  
Chris Carter*

MONDAY

Teller Nuclear Research Facility, Pleasanton, California

4:03 P.M.

Even through the thick windows of his laboratory building, the old man could hear the anti-nuke protesters outside. Chanting, singing, shouting—always fighting against the future, trying to stall progress. It baffled him more than it angered him. The slogans hadn't changed from decade to decade. He didn't think the radicals would ever learn.

He fingered the laminated badge dangling from his lab coat. The five-year-old picture, showing him with an awkward expression, was worse than a driver's license photo. The Badge Office didn't like to retake snapshots—but then ID photos never really looked like the subject in question, anyway. At least not in the past fifty years. Not since his days as a minor technician for the Manhattan Project. In half a century his face had grown more gaunt, more seamed, especially over the past few years. His steel-gray hair had turned an unhealthy yellowish-white, where it hadn't fallen out in patches. But his eyes remained bright and inquisitive, fascinated by the mysteries hidden in dim corners of the universe.

The badge identified him as Emil Gregory. He wasn't like many of his younger colleagues who insisted on proper titles: *Dr. Emil Gregory*, or *Emil Gregory, Ph.D.*, or even *Emil Gregory, Project Director*. He had spent too much time in laid-back New Mexico and California to

worry about such formalities. Only scientists whose jobs were in question concerned themselves with trivialities like that. Dr. Gregory was at the end of a long and highly successful career. His colleagues knew his name.

Since much of his work had been classified, he was not assured of a place in the history books. But he had certainly made his place in history, whether or not anybody had heard about it.

His former assistant and prize student, Miriel Bremen, knew about his research—but she had turned her back on him. In fact, she was probably standing outside right now, waving her signs and chanting slogans with the other protesters. She had organized





# Ground Zero

ILLUSTRATIONS BY OMAHA PÉREZ

them all. Miriell had always been good at organizing unruly groups of people.

Outside, three more Protective Services cars drove up for an uneasy showdown with the protesters who paced back and forth in front of the gate, blocking traffic. Uniformed security guards emerged from the squad cars, slamming doors. They stood with shoulders squared and tried to look intimidating. But they couldn't really take action, since the protesters had carefully remained within the law. In the back of one of the white official cars, a trained German shepherd barked through the screen mesh of the window; it was a drug- and explosive-sniffing dog, not an attack animal, but its loud growl no doubt made the protesters nervous.

Dr. Gregory finally decided to ignore the distractions outside the lab building. Moving slowly and painfully in his seventy-two-year-old body—whose warranty had recently run out, he liked to say—he went back to his computer simulations. The protesters and the guards could keep up their antics for the rest of the afternoon and into the night, for all he cared. He turned up his radio to cover the noise from outside so he could concentrate, though he didn't have to worry about his calculations. The supercomputers actually did most of the work.

The portable boom box tucked among books and technical papers on his shelf had never succeeded in picking up more than one station through the thick concrete walls, despite the jury-rigged antenna of chained paper clips he had hooked to the metal window frame. The lone AM station, thank goodness, played primarily Oldies, songs he associated with happier days. Right now, Simon and Garfunkel were singing about Mrs. Robinson, and Dr. Gregory sang along with them.

The color monitors on his four supercomputer workstations displayed the progress of his simultaneous hydrocode simulations. The computers chugged through numerous virtual experiments in their integrated-circuit imaginations, sorting through billions of iterations without requiring him to throw a single switch or hook up a single generator.

But Dr. Gregory still insisted on wearing his lab coat; he didn't feel like a real scientist without it. If he wore comfortable street clothes and simply pounded on computer keyboards all day long, he might as well be an accountant instead of a well-respected weapons researcher at one of the largest nuclear-design laboratories in the country.

Off in a separate building on the fenced-in lab site, powerful Cray-III supercomputers crunched data for complex simulations of a major upcoming nuclear test. They were studying intricate nuclear hydrodynamic models—imaginary atomic explosions—of the radical new warhead concept to which he had devoted the last four years of his career.

## *Bright Anvil.*

Because of cost limitations and the on-again/off-again political treaties regarding nuclear testing, these hydrody-



namic simulations were now the only way to study certain secondary effects, to analyze shock-front formations and fallout patterns. Aboveground atomic detonations had been banned by international treaty since 1963... but Dr. Gregory and his superiors believed they could succeed with the Bright Anvil Project—if all conditions turned out right.

The Department of Energy was eager to see that all conditions turned out right.

He moved to the next simulation screen, watching the dance of contours, pressure waves, temperature graphs on a nanosecond-by-nanosecond scale. Already he could see that it would be a lovely explosion.

Classified reports and memos littered his desk, buried under sheaves of printouts spewed from the laser printer he shared with the rest of his Bright Anvil team members down the hall. His deputy project head, "Bear" Dooley, posted regular weather reports and satellite photos, circling the interesting areas with a red felt-tip marker. The most recent picture showed a large circular depression gathered over the central Pacific, like spoiled milk swirling down a drain—eliciting a great deal of excitement from Dooley.

"Storm brewing!" the deputy had scrawled on a Post-it note stuck to the satellite photo. "Our best candidate so far!"

Dr. Gregory had to agree with the assessment. But they couldn't proceed to the next step until he finished the final round of simulations. Though the Bright Anvil device had already been assembled except for its fissile core, Gregory eschewed lazy shortcuts. With such incredible power at one's fingertips, caution was the watchword.

He whistled along to "Georgie Girl" as his computers



simulated waves of mass destruction.

Somebody honked a car horn outside, either in support of the protesters, or just annoyed and trying to get past them. Since he planned to stay late, those demonstrators—wary and self-satisfied—would be long gone by the time Gregory headed for his own car.

It didn't matter to him how many extra hours he remained in the lab, since research was the only thing left of his real life. Even if he went home, he would probably work anyway, in his too-quiet and too-empty house, surrounded by photos of the old 1950s hydrogen bomb shots out in the islands or atomic blasts at the Nevada Test Site. He had access to better computers in his lab, though, so he might as well work through dinner. He had a sandwich in the refrigerator down the hall, but his appetite had been unpredictable for the past few months.

At one time, Miriel Bremen would have stayed working with him. She was a sharp and imaginative young physicist who looked up to the older scientist with something like awe. Miriel had a great deal of talent, a genuine feel for the calculations and secondary effects. Her dedication and ambition made her the perfect research partner. Unfortunately, she also had too much conscience, and doubts had festered inside her.

Miriel Bremen herself was the spearhead behind the formation of the vehement new activist group, Stop Nuclear Madness!, headquartered in Berkeley. She had abandoned her work at the research facility, spooked by certain incomprehensible aspects of the Bright Anvil warhead. Miriel had become a turncoat with a zeal that reminded him of the way some former cigarette smokers turned into the most outspoken anti-tobacco lobbyists.

He thought of Miriel out there on the other side of the fence. She would be waving a sign, taunting the security guards to arrest her, making her point loud and clear, regardless of whether anyone wanted to hear it.

Dr. Gregory forced himself to remain seated behind the computer workstation. He refused to go back to the window to look for her. He didn't feel spite toward Miriel, just... disappointment. He wondered how he had failed her, how he could have misjudged his deputy so thoroughly.

At least he didn't have to worry about her replacement, Bear Dooley. Dooley was a bulldozer of a man, with a dearth of tact and patience, but a singular dedication to the purpose. He, at least, had his head on straight.

A knock came at the half-closed door to his lab office. Patty, his secretary—he still hadn't gotten used to thinking of her as an "administrative assistant," the current politically correct term—poked her head in.

"Afternoon mail, Dr. Gregory. There's a package I thought you might like to see. Special delivery." She wagged a small padded envelope. He started to push his aching body up from his computer chair, but she waved him back down. "Here. Don't get up."

"Thanks, Patty." He took the envelope, pulling his reading glasses from his pocket and settling them on his nose so he could see the postmark. *Honolulu, Hawaii*. No return address.

Patty remained in the doorway, shuffling her feet. She cleared her throat. "It's after four o'clock, Dr. Gregory. Would you mind if I left a little early today?" Her voice picked up speed, as if she were making excuses. "I know I've got those memos to type up tomorrow morning, but I'll keep one step ahead of you."

"You always do, Patty. Doctor's appointment?" he said, still looking down at the mysterious envelope and turning it over in his hands.

"No, but I don't really want to hassle with the protesters. They'll probably try to block the gate at quitting time just to cause trouble. I'd rather be long gone." She looked down at her pink-polished fingernails. Her face had a fallen-in, anxious expression.

Dr. Gregory laughed at her nervousness. "Go ahead. I'll be staying later for the same reason."

She thanked him and popped back out the door, pulling it shut behind her so he could work in peace.

The computer calculations continued. The core of the simulated explosion had expanded, sending shock waves all the way to the edge of the monitor screen, with secondary and tertiary effects propagating in less-defined directions through the plasma left behind from the initial detonation.

Dr. Gregory peeled open the padded envelope, working one finger under the heavily glued flap. He dumped the contents onto his desk and blinked, perplexed. He blew out a curious breath.

The single scrap of paper wasn't exactly a letter—no stationery, no signature—just carefully inked words in fine black lettering.

"FOR YOUR PART IN THE PAST—AND THE FUTURE."

A small glassine packet fell out beside the note. It was a translucent envelope only a few inches long, filled with some sort of black powder. He shook the padded envelope, but it contained nothing else.

He picked up the glassine packet, squinting as he squeezed the contents with his fingers. The substance was lightweight, faintly greasy, like ash. He sniffed it, caught a faint, sour charcoal smell mostly faded by time.

*For your part in the past—and the future.*

Dr. Gregory frowned. He scornfully wondered if this could be some stunt by the protesters outside. In earlier actions, protesters had poured jars of animal blood on the ground in front of the facility's security gates and planted flowers alongside the entry roads.

Black ash must be somebody's newest idea—maybe even Miriel's. He rolled his eyes and let out an "Oh brother!" sigh.

"You can't change the world by poking your heads in the sand," Dr. Gregory muttered, turning his head toward the window.



On the workstations, the redundant simulations neared completion after eating up hours of supercomputer time, projecting a step-by-step analysis of one second in time, the transient moment where a man-made device unleashed energies equivalent to the core of a sun.

So far, the computers agreed with his wildest expectations.

Though he himself was the project head, Dr. Gregory found parts of Bright Anvil inexplicable, based on baffling theoretical assumptions and producing aftereffects that went against all his training and experience in physics. But the simulations *worked*, and he knew enough not to ask questions of the sponsors who had presented him with the foundations of this new concept to implement.

After a fifty-one-year-long career, Dr. Gregory found it refreshing to find an entire portion of his chosen discipline that he could not explain. It opened up the wonder of science for him all over again.

He tossed the black ash aside and went back to work.

Suddenly the overhead fluorescent lights flickered. There was an intense humming sound, as if a swarm of bees were trapped in the thin glass tubes. He heard the snapping shriek of an electrical discharge, and the lights popped and died.

The radio on his desk gave out a brief squelch of static, right in the middle of "Hang on, Sloopy." Then it fell silent.

Dr. Gregory's failing muscles sent stabs of pain through his body as he whirled in despair to see his computer workstations also winking out. The computers were crashing.

"Awww, no!" he groaned. The systems should have had infallible backup power supplies to protect them during normal electrical outages. He had just lost literally billions of supercomputer iterations.

He pounded his gnarled fist on the desk, then levered himself to his feet and staggered over to the window, moving more quickly than his unsteady balance and common sense allowed.

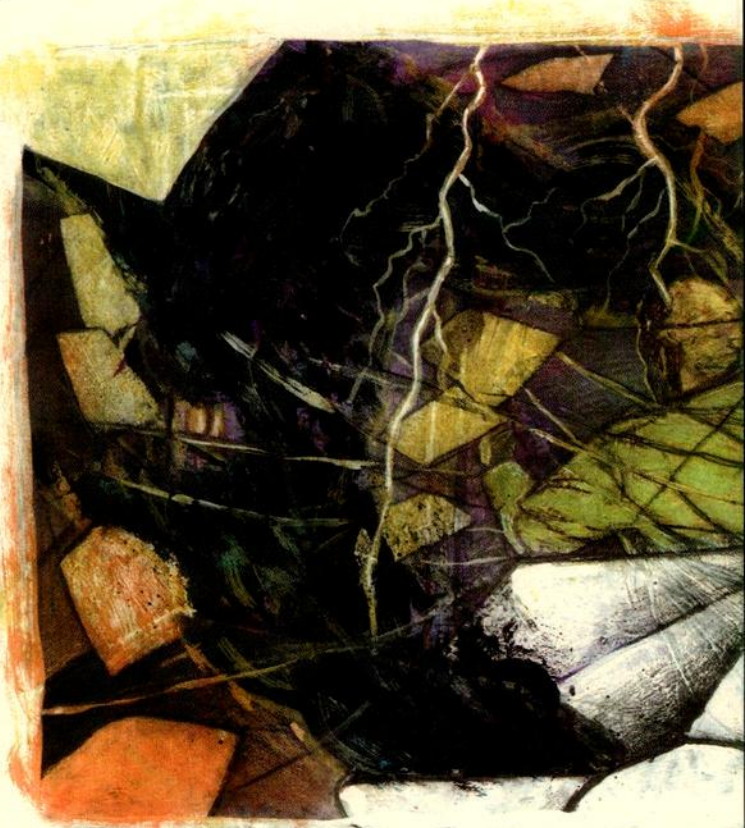
Reaching the glass, he glanced outside at the other buildings in the complex. All the interior lights were still shining in the adjacent wing of the research building. Very odd.

It looked as if his office had been specifically targeted for power disruption.

With a sinking feeling, Dr. Gregory began to wonder about sabotage from the protesters. Could Miriel have gone so far overboard? She would know how to cause such damage. Though her security clearance had been taken away after she quit her job and formed Stop Nuclear Madness!, perhaps she had managed to bluff her way inside, to interfere with the simulations only she could have known her old mentor would be running.

He didn't want to think her capable of such action... but he knew she would consider it, without qualms.

Dr. Gregory swatted at the insistent hissing, buzzing noise that hovered about his ears, finally noticing it for the first time. With all the power suddenly smothered, and



machine sounds damped to nothingness, silence should have descended upon his office.

But the whispers came instead.

With a growing sense of uneasiness that he forced himself to ignore, Dr. Gregory went to the door, intending to shout down the hall for Bear Dooley or any of the other physicists. For some reason, the company of others seemed highly desirable right now.

But he found the doorknob unbearably hot. *Unnaturally* hot.

With a hiss, he yanked his hand away. He backed off, staring down in shock more than pain at the bright blisters forming in the center of his palm.

Smoke began to curl around the solid security-locked doorknob, oozing out of the key slot.

"Hey, what is this? Hello!" He flapped his burned hand to cool it. "Patty? Are you still out there?"

Contained within the concrete walls of his office, the wind picked up, crackling with electrical static. Papers blew, curled up by a foul breath of heat. The glassine envelope of black powder spilled open, spraying dark ash into the air.

Untucking his shirt and using the tail to protect his hand against the heat, he hurried back to the door again and reached for the knob. By now, though, it glowed red-hot, a throbbing scarlet that hurt his eyes.

"Patty, I need your help. Bear! Somebody!" His voice cracked, growing high-pitched with fear.



Like an elapsed-time simulation of sunrise, the light in the room grew brighter and *brighter*, seeming to emanate from the walls, a searing harsh glare.

Dr. Gregory backed toward the concrete blocks, holding up his hands to shield his face from yet another aspect of physics he did not understand. The whispering voices increased in volume, rising to a crescendo of screams and accusations climbing through the air itself.

Reaching a critical point.

An avalanche of heat and fire struck him, so intense that it knocked him into the wall. A billion x-rays brought every cell in his body to a boil. Then came a *burst* of absolute light, like the core of an atomic explosion.

And Dr. Gregory found himself standing alone at Ground Zero.

## TUESDAY

Teller Nuclear Facility  
11:21 A.M.

The thick outfit made FBI Agent Fox Mulder look like an astronaut. He found it difficult to move, but his eagerness to investigate the mysterious death of Dr. Emil Gregory convinced him to put up with the difficulties.

Health-and-safety technicians adjusted the seams of his anticontamination suit, pulling the hood down over his head, fastening the zipper in back, then sealing it with another flap, Velcroed over the top to keep chemical or radioactive residue from seeping through the seams.

A transparent plastic faceplate allowed him to see, but condensation formed on the inside, and he tried to control his breathing. Canisters of compressed air on his back connected to a hood respirator that echoed in his ears and made it difficult to exhale. The joints in his knees and elbows ballooned as he tried to walk.

Mulder felt detached from his surroundings, armored against the invisible threat of radiation. "I thought lead underwear went out of style with bell-bottoms."

Standing next to him, still clad in her stunning scarlet blouse and skirt, the dark beauty Rosabeth Carrera stood with her hands at her sides, looking uncertain as to what she should do. She had declined to suit up in anticontamination gear and accompany them onto the scene.

"You're free to go in and look around as much as you'd like," Carrera said. "Meanwhile, I've arranged for the paperwork to allow you free access to the site—you'll have a 'need-to-know' clearance for this case only. The Department of Energy and Teller Labs are eager to find out what caused Dr. Gregory's death."

"What if they don't like the answer?" Mulder said.

Swathed in her own billowing hood in the anticontamination suit, Agent Dana Scully flashed him a warning look, one of the usual glances she gave him when he followed his penchant for blundering down a dangerous road.

"Any answer's better than nothing," Carrera said. "Right now all we have are a bunch of disturbing questions." She gestured up and down the hall where the offices of Gregory's coresearchers had been sealed off. "The background radiation in the rest of this building is perfectly normal, except in Gregory's office. We need you to find out what happened."

Scully asked, "I know this is a weapons research laboratory. Was Dr. Gregory working on anything dangerous? Anything that could have backfired on him? A prototype for a new weapons system perhaps?"

Carrera crossed her arms over her small breasts and stood confident. "Dr. Gregory was working on computer simulations. He had no fissile material whatsoever in his lab, nothing that even remotely approached the destructive potential that we see here. Nothing at all deadly. The equipment was no more dangerous than a videogame."

"Ah, videogames," Mulder said. "Could be the heart of our conspiracy."

Rosabeth Carrera gave them each a handheld radiation detector. The gadgets looked just like the kind Mulder had seen in dozens of 1950s B-movies of uncontrolled nuclear tests that accidentally created mutations whose bizarreness was limited to Hollywood's meager special effects budgets of the era.

One of the health-and-safety technicians gave them a quick briefing on how to use the radiation detector. The tech swept the sensor end up and down the hall, taking a sample of normal background readings. "Seems to be functioning properly," he said. "I checked the calibration just a few hours ago."

"Let's go inside, Mulder," Scully said, standing at the door, obviously impatient to get to work.

Carrera used the key on her badge again, pushing the lab door open. Mulder and Scully entered Dr. Gregory's laboratory—and the radiation detectors went wild.

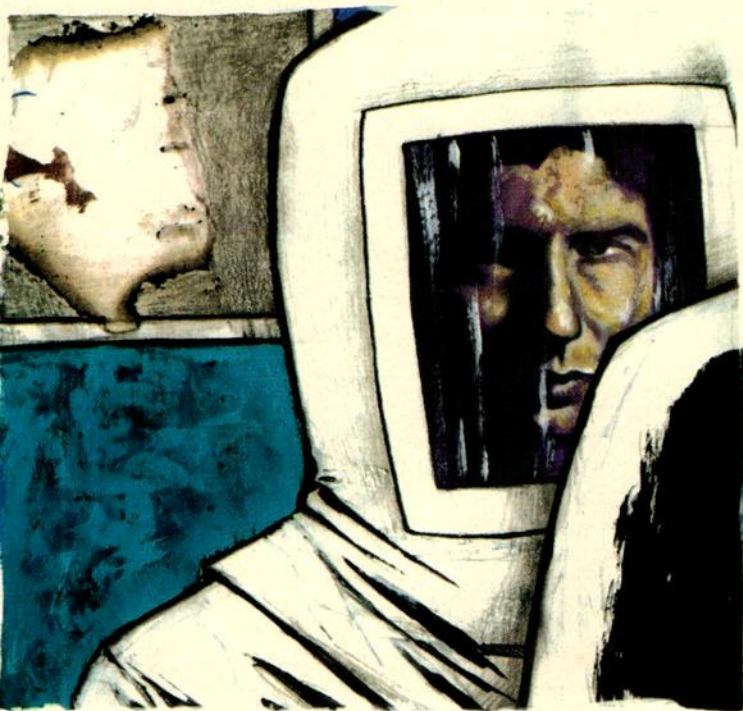
Mulder watched the needle dance high up on the gauge, though he didn't hear the frying-bacon crackle of Geiger counters used so often in films. The silent needle's signal was ominous enough.

Within its concrete-block walls, this office had somehow been the site of an intense burst of radiation that had blistered the paint, seared the concrete, and melted the furniture. The flash had left residual and secondary radioactivity that still simmered, only fading gradually.

Behind them Rosabeth Carrera closed the door.

Mulder's breathing resonated in his ears in the self-contained suit. It sounded as if someone were breathing down his neck, a long-fanged monster riding on his





shoulder... but it was only echoes inside his hood. Claustrophobia hammered around him as he stepped deeper into the burned laboratory. Looking at the melted and flash-burned artifacts sent a shudder down his spine, tapping into his long-standing revulsion of fire.

Scully went straight to the body, while Mulder stopped to inspect the heat-slumped computer terminals, the melted desks, the flash-burned papers on the bulletin board and on the work tables. "No indication of where the burst might have originated," he said, poking around the debris.

The walls were adorned with images of Pacific islands, aerial photos as well as computer printouts of weather maps of the ocean wind patterns, storm projections, and blistered black-and-white prints of weather satellite images—everything centered on the Western Pacific, just past the International Date Line.

"Not the sort of stuff I'd expect a nuclear weapons researcher to collect on his office walls," Mulder said.

Scully bent over the scarecrowish burned body of Dr. Gregory. "If we can determine what he was working on, get some details of the weapons systems and any tests he was planning to run, we might come up with a more clear-cut explanation."

"Clear-cut, Scully?" Mulder said. "You surprise me."

"Think about it, Mulder. Despite what Ms. Carrera said, Dr. Gregory was a weapons researcher—what if he was working on some new high-energy burst weapon? It's possible he had a prototype in here and he accidentally set it off. It could have flash-fried everything you see here, killed him... if it was just a small test model, its effect would be

limited. It might not destroy the entire building."

"Good for us," he said. "But look around—I don't see the remains of any weapon, do you? Even if it exploded, there should be some evidence."

"We should still look into it," Scully answered. "I need to take this body in for an autopsy. I'll request that Ms. Carrera find us a local medical facility where I can work."

Mulder, preoccupied by Gregory's bulletin board, reached out with a gloved hand to touch one of the curled papers still fastened by a slagged push pin to the crisped cork board. When he brushed the paper with his fingertips, it crumbled into ash, rippling into the air. Nothing remained but a powdery residue.

Mulder looked around for thick stacks of paper, hoping that something might have been left intact, like the photos on the walls. He searched Dr. Gregory's desk for piles of technical reports or journal articles, but found nothing. Then he noticed the unburned marks on the charred desktop.

"Hey, Scully, look at this," he said. When she came over, he pointed to the pale rectangular patches. "I think there must have been documents here, reports left on top of his desk—but somebody's removed the evidence."

"Why would anyone do that?" Scully said. "The reports themselves probably still have significant residual radioactivity—"

Mulder met her gaze through the thin faceplates on their hoods. "I think somebody's trying to do us a favor. They've 'sanitized' the murder scene to protect us from classified information that maybe we shouldn't be seeing. For our own good, of course."

"Mulder, how can we possibly expect to solve this if the crime scene has been tampered with? We don't have the complete picture here."

"My feeling exactly," he said.

He knelt to look at Dr. Gregory's two-shelfed metal credenza. It was filled with physics textbooks, computer-code user's manuals, a copy of *Lagrangian-Eulerian Hydrocode Dynamics*, and straightforward geography and physics texts. The bindings were burned and blackened, but the rest of the books remained intact.

He looked at the burn marks on the shelves themselves. As he had expected, several books had been removed as well. "Somebody wants a quick answer to this, Scully," he said. "A simple answer. One that doesn't require us to have all the information."

He looked toward the closed lab door. "I think we should inspect each of these other offices down the corridor, too. If they're the offices of Dr. Gregory's project team, somebody might have forgotten to yank out the information that was carefully deleted from this scene."

He went back to the bulletin board and touched another piece of crumbling paper. The ash flaked off, but he was able to distinguish two words before it disintegrated.

*Bright Anvil.*






CHIP CHIP  
WHIRR  
CRUNCH  
CRUNCH.


THERE  
THEY GO.  
AT IT  
AGAIN.

CHIP CHIP  
WHIRR  
WHIRR  
CRUNCH  
CRUNCH.



YOU'D THINK  
I WAS A  
CURE FOR  
ALL ILLS OR  
A PIECE OF  
GOD'S LOVE.  
BUT I'M  
NOT.

CHIP CHIP  
WHIRR  
WHIRR  
CRUNCH  
CRUNCH.




BEEN AT IT  
NOW FOR  
TWO  
HUNDRED  
YEARS.

CHIP CHIP  
WHIRR  
WHIRR  
CRUNCH  
CRUNCH.



BUT I'M  
BURIED SO  
DEEP I'LL  
NEVER BE  
FOUND.

CHIP CHIP  
WHIRR  
WHIRR  
CRUNCH  
CRUNCH.



EXCEPT BY  
YOU. YOU'LL  
COME GET  
ME SOON,  
WON'T YOU?

CHIP CHIP  
WHIRR  
WHIRR  
CRUNCH  
CRUNCH.





HE'S  
GOING  
DOWN! DO  
YOU HEAR  
ME?

THEY  
WANT HIM  
AND THEY  
CAN HAVE  
HIM!

WHO  
ARE THEY,  
BRIGGS?  
TALK TO  
ME.

# THE PIT

3:27 P.M.  
NOVEMBER 15, 1995  
OAK ISLAND  
NOVA SCOTIA





I'M GLAD THE FBI WAS INVITED TO ASSIST IN THIS HOSTAGE SITUATION, EVEN THOUGH THIS IS A LITTLE OUT OF YOUR JURISDICTION, AGENT SCULLY, THIS PIT HAS A STRANGE HISTORY.

AND WE HAVE A LOT OF EXPERIENCE IN INVESTIGATING STRANGE THINGS.





"I KNOW QUITE A BIT ABOUT THE OAK ISLAND MONEY PIT. IN 1795, WHEN DANIEL MCGINNIS AND HIS FRIENDS STARTED DIGGING IN A SMALL DEPRESSION HERE, THEY FOUND OAK PLATFORMS."

"AFTER THIRTY FEET, THEY NEEDED HELP, BUT THERE WERE NO TAKERS. EVERYONE KNEW THE ISLAND WAS HAUNTED. THE YEAR EARLIER, A BOATLOAD OF MEN INVESTIGATING THE STRANGE LIGHTS SEEN ON THE ISLAND NEVER RETURNED."

"YES! THE LIGHTS! I SAW THOSE LIGHTS!"

"IN 1804, THEY FOUND CHARCOAL, COCONUT FIBER, AND A STONE WITH A CIPHER ON IT. AT 98 FEET, THEY HIT WHAT MAY HAVE BEEN A CHEST, THEN THE TUNNEL FLOODED."

"IN 1849, A NEW GROUP BROUGHT UP A FEW LINKS FROM A WATCH CHAIN--AND, POSSIBLY, A JEWEL, WHICH VANISHED WITH THE FOREMAN WHO FOUND IT."

"WHEN THE PIT FILLED IN, THEY FOUND A FLOOD TUNNEL. IN 1859, THEY TRIED TO DRAIN IT WITH STEAM-POWERED PUMPS. WHEN THE BOILER BURST, SCALDING ONE OF THE MEN TO DEATH--THEY GAVE UP."

"YES! THEY HAD TO DIE, JUST LIKE TRENT!"

"OKAY. SLOW DOWN, BRIGGS. NOW, IN 1894, THE OAK ISLAND TREASURE COMPANY DESTROYED THE FLOOD TUNNEL WITH DYNAMITE. AT 150 FEET, THEY HIT A SECOND FLOOD TUNNEL. THE ONLY THING THEY FOUND WAS SOME PARCHMENT WITH THE LETTERS 'V. I.' ON IT."

"A 1938 EFFORT REACHED AN UNDER-WATER CHAMBER AT 180 FEET. IN 1970, THE TRITON ALLIANCE SENT A CAMERA INTO THE CHAMBER. IT SHOWED THREE CHESTS AND A DISMEMBERED HAND. DIVERS WERE LOWERED IN--BUT FOUND NOTHING."

"AND JUST LAST WEEK, YOUR BOSS... TRENT... UNCOVERED A LAYER OF IRON AT THE BOTTOM OF THAT CHAMBER."

"YES! TRENT MUST DIE! THEY WANT HIM!"

"EASY, BRIGGS."



VCAS, NORSEMEN--  
NO ONE KNOWS  
WHO BUILT IT. THE  
POPULAR THEORY  
IS PIRATES.

THE COCO-  
NUT FIBER  
INDICATES  
WEST OR  
EAST  
INDIES--  
NOTORIOUS  
HAUNTS OF  
BUCCANEERS.



"YEAH. IT WASN'T BAD ENOUGH  
WE WERE WORKING SEVEN DAYS  
A WEEK--SOON HE HAD US  
WORKING NIGHTS, TOO.

"WHAT WITH THE FOG, THERE  
MUST'VE BEEN A HUNDRED  
SAFETY ORDINANCES BEING  
VIOLATED, BUT TRENT NEVER  
CARED MUCH FOR RULES.

"SO MAYBE ONE DAY SOME-  
ONE FIGURED HE'D MAKE  
IT A SHORT NIGHT BY  
SABOTAGING THE  
GENERATOR.



THAT'S ALL I KNOW.  
CARE TO TELL ME WHAT  
YOU KNOW?

YOU  
WOULDN'T  
BELIEVE  
WHAT I  
KNOW.

I BELIEVE  
ALL SORTS OF  
THINGS. WHY  
DON'T YOU TRY  
ME? YOU WERE  
HIS FOREMAN,  
WEREN'T YOU?

"ALL THE LIGHTS  
SHOULD'VE  
GONE OUT.



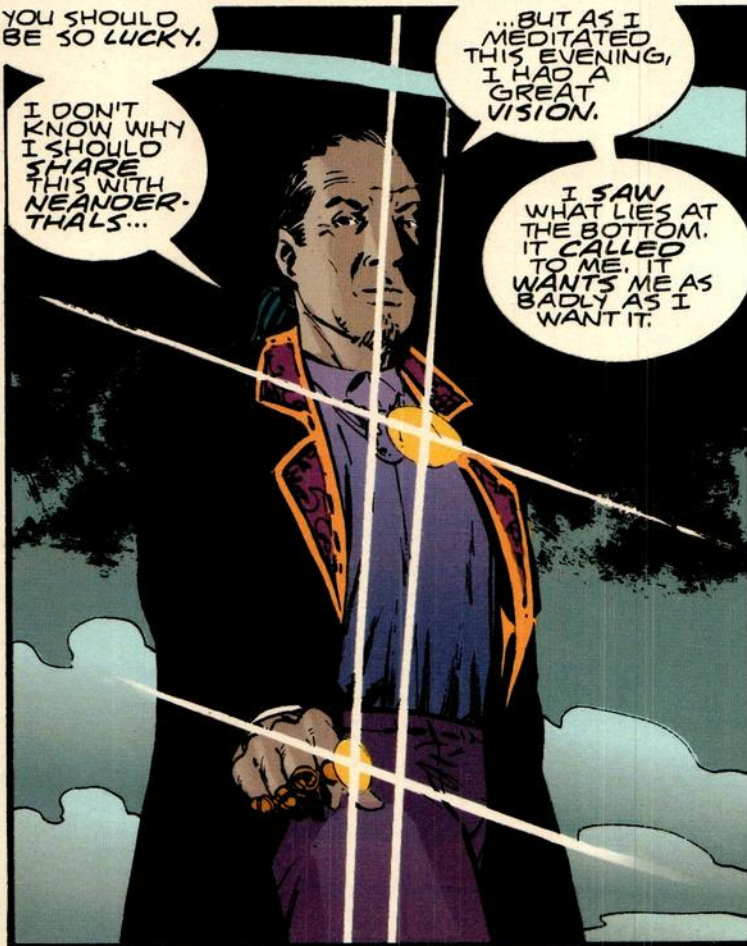
"PROBLEM IS  
--A COUPLE  
DIDN'T."



BRIGGS! I  
TOLD YOU THIS  
ISLAND WAS  
HAUNTED!

YOU SHOULD  
BE SO LUCKY.

I DON'T  
KNOW WHY  
I SHOULD  
SHARE  
THIS WITH  
NEANDER-  
THALS...



...BUT AS I  
MEDITATED  
THIS EVENING,  
I HAD A  
GREAT  
VISION.

I SAW  
WHAT LIES AT  
THE BOTTOM.  
IT CALLED  
TO ME. IT  
WANTS ME AS  
BADLY AS I  
WANT IT.





SO I'LL TOLERATE NO MORE PETTY TRICKS. REST WHEN I TELL YOU TO, OR I'LL REPLACE YOU ALL WITH CHIMPANZEES.

CONNECT THE BACK-UP GENERATOR, BRIGGS.



I'D LIKE TO PUT THIS DRILL BIT THROUGH HIS CHEST.

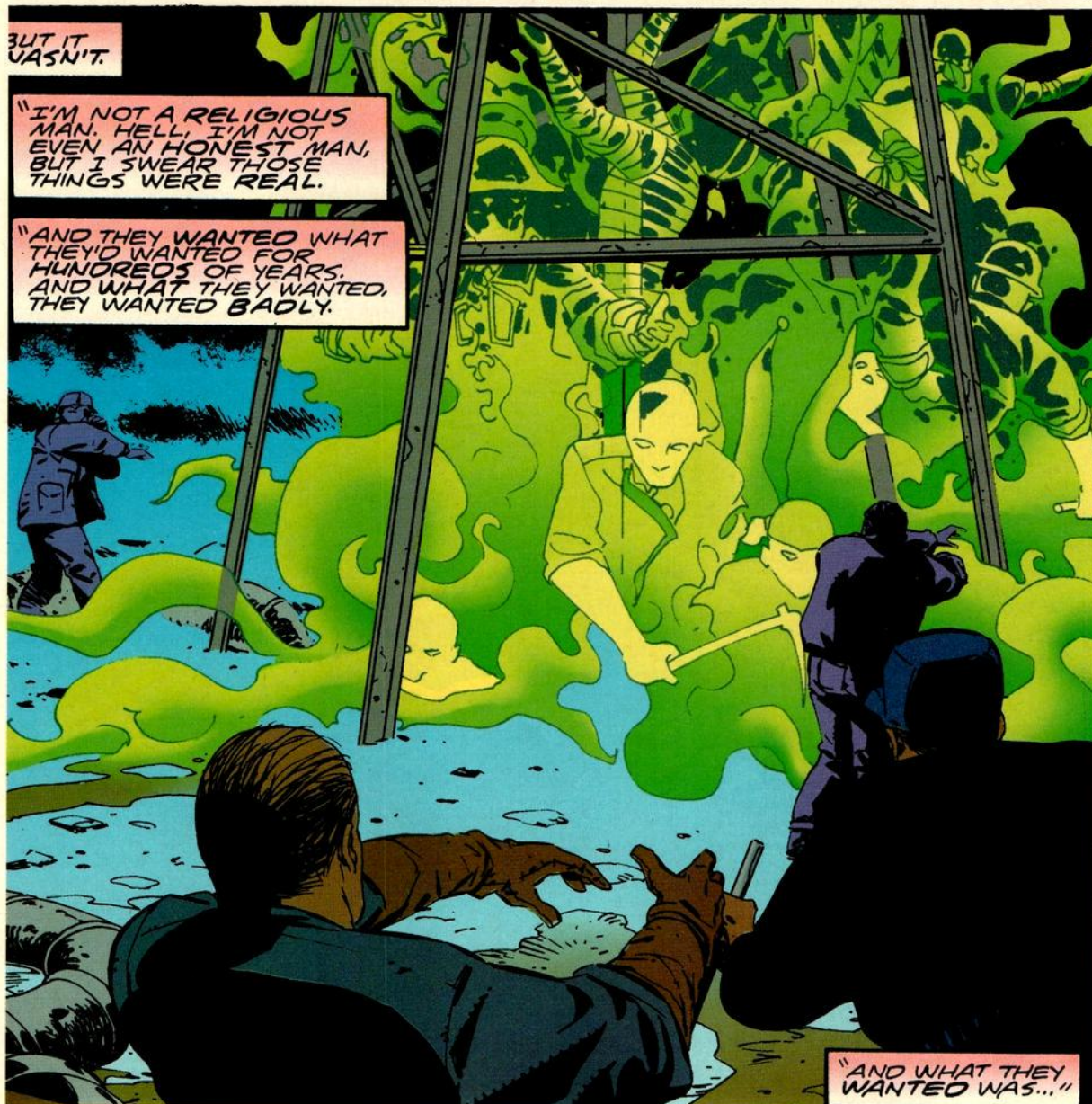
EASY, TOM. THINK OF THE MONEY HE'S PAYING.



"I GAVE THE BOYS A TEN-MINUTE BREAK AND WE SET ABOUT TRYING TO GET THE POWER BACK.

"BUT I FELT SOMETHING AT MY BACK.

"FIRST, I THOUGHT IT WAS TRENT OR ONE OF THE OTHERS.



BUT IT WASN'T.

"I'M NOT A RELIGIOUS MAN. HELL, I'M NOT EVEN AN HONEST MAN, BUT I SWEAR THOSE THINGS WERE REAL.

"AND THEY WANTED WHAT THEY'D WANTED FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS. AND WHAT THEY WANTED, THEY WANTED BADLY.

"AND WHAT THEY WANTED WAS..."







SO MUCH  
FOR MY  
EXPERTISE.

YOU  
RISKED  
YOUR LIFE  
TRYING  
TO SAVE  
THEM,  
MULDER.

THERE  
WAS  
NOTHING  
MORE  
YOU  
COULD  
DO.

5:27 P.M.

YEAH, WELL,  
I COULD HAVE  
SUCCEEDED,  
SCULLY!

AGENT  
MULDER!  
AGENT  
SCULLY!

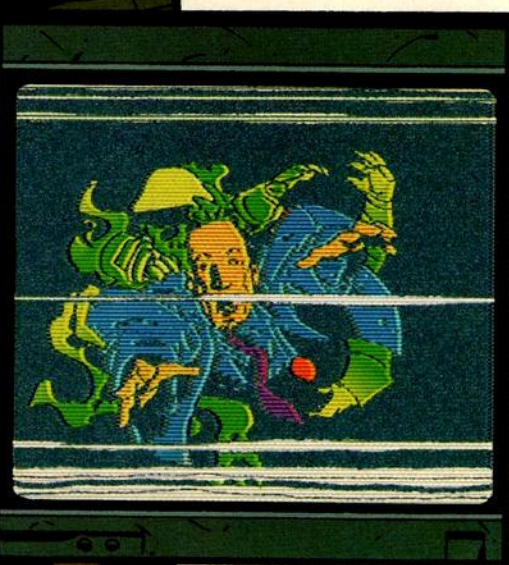
WE'VE BEEN  
REVIEWING THE  
VIDEO OF THE  
COLLAPSE AND  
...AND...  
AND...

WELL, THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
I THINK YOU  
SHOULD  
SEE!

THAT'S THE  
LAST FRAME OF  
VIDEO FROM  
AGENT MULDER'S  
CAMERA.

DID  
YOU  
SEE  
IT?

HE  
DID SAY  
THE THING  
WANTED  
HIM.



THE END



## Web Weaving

*What started as a personal hobby turned into a full-time job helping to create The X-Files World Wide Web site on Delphi*

BY CHRIS FUSCO

OFFICIAL WEB SITE

THE X-FILES

CASE FILES WHAT'S NEW

To get the most from this page, please use the [Netscape 1.1](#) browser.

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cally to the show; it was confined to general science fiction forums.

Delphi allows members to create their own special-interest forums for a start-up fee and a small monthly charge. So I decided to create an area devoted specifically to *THE X-FILES* and discussion of the paranormal and unexplained. I went through the process of applying for a forum, and before I knew it, I had started *THE X-FILES* Forum.

About two weeks after starting the forum, I was contacted by Delphi employees about The Fox Network's desire to provide information about many of their television shows on-line. They told me that they wanted to show the area that I had created to Chris Carter, and if he liked it, they would like to move it from the menu of user-run areas to a more public area and make it a Special Interest Group (SIG)—a high-profile area sponsored by Delphi.

Rather than create an *X-FILES* SIG from scratch, Fox wanted to take what I had already developed and build on it to make it something even bigger. They showed the area to Carter, and he liked what he saw. With his support and backing from Fox, the area exploded in popularity and became The Official *X-FILES* SIG on Delphi.

**NEXT STOP: CALIFORNIA AND THE WEB**

A short time later, the World Wide Web's popularity came to dominate the Internet. Instead of a mostly text area in a standard SIG, a Web site can be filled with photos, art and other color graphics, along with options like sound and video clips. It was the ideal direction for *THE X-FILES* SIG to take. Global access.

So this hobby of mine soon became known as *THE X-FILES* Official Web Site—and it's no longer just a hobby. It is now a full-time job that has relocated me from the east coast to the west. When I first started working on *THE X-FILES* official site, I lived in Maryland and worked as a molecular biologist for the company that pioneered genetic engineering in humans. Now I am living in Cal-

**I**t was March 1994. The episode "Miracle Man" had just aired, and, as usual, *THE X-FILES* struck a chord in me and I felt like talking about the show. I sat and discussed the show with a friend for a while, and as the conversation drifted from *THE X-FILES* to the paranormal and back again, I realized how much I enjoyed discussing the show, its characters and its topic material.

The unexplained has always piqued my interest, and I have noticed that many people are as intrigued as I am about such things. *THE X-FILES* seemed to generate a lot of discussion wherever I went. At the time, *THE X-FILES* was not the Friday-night phenomenon that it has since become. Back then the show was very well known in conversations around the coffee machine on Monday morning, but the popular media just hadn't caught on to its success yet.

I was a member of Delphi, a computer network that had many forums for discussing topics of a wide variety. I thought it would be great if there was a place where people could discuss *THE X-FILES* and the unexplained. Back then there was no area devoted specifi-



The Web's episode guide not only gives you a synopsis of each show, but leads you to other areas

guide, video promotions for the show, publicity photos and stills from the show and pictures of the weekly ads for the show that appear each week in *TV Guide*.

There is an on-line guide to the adult and young-reader novels and the comic books, complete with graphics and synopses from each, and a shopping area for ordering official *X-FILES* merchandise. Especially popular is the conference area where lots of fans can get together and chat about the show with each other in real time on their computers. From time to time, various members of the show's creative team sit in on chats.

The site prides itself on being up-to-date. Episode titles and spoiler-free synopses are released not long after a script is finished and long before the episode airs. There is also information about the Official Fan Club and *X-FILES* conventions, including dates, guest appearances and even on-the-scene reports with photos. Fans can interact with the Web sit by submitting their personal opinions and questions about the show itself, as well as the novels, comics, trading cards and other licensed products.

#### THE FORUM IS THE CENTER OF THE WEB

While all of these elements are informative and appealing, the forum area is the heart of the site. That's where the fans can post their comments and views about the show, tell stories of their own paranormal experiences or just read what everyone else has to say. The forum messages are perused by various folks at Fox, who are always looking for feedback so that they can better serve the fans.

Most importantly, though, the forum and the conference area are where relationships are forged and maintained between people from all over the world. These relationships are what make the site great, because without the fans to breathe life into it, the site would be little more than an advertisement for the show. I have watched many friendships form and grow after starting in one of those areas.

Sometimes, *X-FILES* fans from the same part of the country who meet on-line form regional groups, with names like TEX-Files (Texas), LAX-Files (Los Angeles) and NEX-Files (New England), just to name a few. In

**THE (X) FILES™**

**One Breath**

2X08

WHEN SCULLY SUDDENLY REAPPEARS IN A HOSPITAL, HER LIFE HANGS IN THE BALANCE AS MULDER PULLS OUT ALL THE STOPS IN AN EFFORT TO COUNTERACT THE BIZARRE EXPERIMENT THAT IS KILLING HER.

Mulder is shocked when Dana Scully finally reappears -- comatose -- in a Georgetown intensive care unit with no trace of where she has been or how she got there. She lingers on the brink of death, kept alive by machines, as Mulder frantically searches for her kidnappers, for an explanation and for a cure. Evidence points to an exotic and dangerous DNA experiment whose by-products are poisoning Scully, but no one can cure her. All his efforts fail him, leaving Fox Mulder at the end of his resources, his strength and his hope. Finally, he faces a stark choice between bloody revenge and a re-affirmation of his faith in his partner.

EPISODE GUIDE  
SHOW INFORMATION  
CHARACTER INFO  
VIDEO

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**THE (X) FILES™**

**Born Again**

1X21

WHEN SEVERAL DETECTIVES DIE IN SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES, MULDER'S SUSPICION FALLS ON AN 8 YEAR-OLD GIRL OF STRANGE DEMEANOR.

Is it more than coincidence when several police officers die in the presence of a young girl? Or is a more sinister force at work? Mulder and Scully probe the mysterious deaths of police detectives in Buffalo, NY, who may be hiding a deadly secret. Mulder believes young Michelle may be the reincarnation of a murdered homicide detective, seeking revenge. A psychiatrist, an origami animal and a hypnotic regression session offer clues that lead the team to a supernatural showdown.

EPISODE GUIDE  
SHOW INFORMATION  
CHARACTER INFO  
VIDEO  
AUDIO

ifornia and work for Delphi on this project full time. And to think that some people say TV can't have a profound impact on a person's life.

I became a member of a team of Delphi Webheads. Over the next several months, working as well with a variety of people from Ten Thirteen, Chris Carter's *X-FILES* production company, we developed a wide variety of exclusive features for the Web site, including the on-line presence of Carter himself. The site's information on all the main cast and crew members is just one part of an extensive resource of exclusive files for fans to view, in all their graphic wonder, and download if they like.

The *X-FILES* Web site also features a complete episode



# Chris Carter himself is known to peruse the Web site. He's even gotten to know fans on-line and then met them later at X-FILES conventions

One area on the Web site gives bro's on all the show's main characters and crew members



some cases, the groups even get together—in person—on a monthly basis. A popular activity is to all go a barbecue restaurant in honor of the episode "Red Museum," in which Mulder wiped barbecue sauce from Scully's

cheek. They send photos of the events to us at Delphi, which we sometimes digitize and make available for viewing on-line by all fans. These relationships have even spawned several cross-country trips by members traveling to visit one another.

The fans aren't the only ones who have gotten to know each other along the Internet. Carter and his staff have become acquainted with several members just by reading what they say on-line. Carter has also met quite a few of the people whose posts he had first read on-line.

The on-line fans come out in droves at conventions and even attend them as groups. At the very first X-FILES convention, held in San Diego last summer, I had the pleasure of watching Chris Carter meet the LAX-Files, some of whom he knew right away from their on-line presence. It was great to watch the instant rapport develop between the creator of the show and its most devoted fans. The fans were especially impressed when Carter could tell one of them that he recalled what he or she had said about *THE X-FILES* on-line.

## FANS TELL OF THEIR OWN X-FILES

While the show itself is what drives the X-FILES Web site, many of the fans who frequent it are extremely interesting, too. One night on the Web there was a silly on-line spoon-bending conference which was a lot of fun—even though no spoons were bent. What did occur, though, was a real-life tale from a fan who had once lived in the Soviet Union. He told a story about Soviet research and experiments involving psychic abilities. Apparently, the research groups were large enough to be statistically significant.

On-line, you couldn't tell whether or not the fan was telling truth or just pulling our cyber-legs, but the story certainly came across as *THE X-FILES* itself so often does—that something is out there and someone knows about it. I know it piqued my interest. It made me realize that anyone is capable of experiencing and investigating their own X-Files. It also verified something we at Delphi very much wanted to believe: that *THE X-FILES* Official Web Site truly has something for everyone.

The X-Files Official Web Site: <http://www.delphi.com>  
Chris Fusco: REAPR@delphi.com

**WALTER SKINNER**

An ex-Marine with a stern sense of duty, the Bureau's Assistant Director Walter Skinner has little patience with Fox Mulder's unorthodox methods of investigation. More than once he has warned Mulder and Scully that their inquiries were crossing into dangerous territory, and once he shut down the X-Files entirely. But when Dana Scully was kidnapped, he reopened them, telling Mulder, "That's what they fear the most" -- without clarifying who "they" are. It's never clear whose side Skinner is on, or whose orders he takes, but his efforts on behalf of Mulder and Scully "through unofficial channels" have made it plain that he is deeply concerned about his independent-minded agents and their work.

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**FOX MULDER**

Special Agent Fox "Spooky" Mulder was on a fast track in the FBI when he took a detour into the paranormal. Convinced through hypnotic regression that his sister was abducted by some unknown power when they were children, he is now obsessed with discovering the truths hidden in the X-Files, a repository for the extraordinary, the unexplained and the supernatural. Recruited into the Bureau after studying psychology at Oxford, Mulder showed an inclination toward the offbeat from the beginning of his career. His early monograph on serial killers and the occult led to the capture of a notorious murderer. But far from pursuing what could have been a stellar career within the Bureau, Mulder chose "the basement office with no heat" where the FBI hides the X-Files. Only his network of contacts in Congress and other halls of power has allowed him to continue his investigations in the face of official indifference and covert opposition. Opposed by enemies within the Bureau itself and beyond, the only person he can trust absolutely is his partner, Dana Scully.

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# MINI MYSTERY CONTEST

## The Psychic Test

"Ah, here they are!" cried Scully as she closed her hand on a folder of obscure FBI files. She and Mulder were huddled in a dark corner of the abandoned warehouse. Mulder's flashlight played furtively across the sheaf in his partner's grasp.

"You remember those waterfront murders two years ago?" asked Scully.

"Not so loud," cautioned Mulder, glancing over his shoulder.

"They were never solved," Scully went on more quietly, "until the Bureau brought in a self-proclaimed psychic. To find that psychic, they had several people tested for clairvoyant abilities, but the records of those tests were misplaced."

"Accidentally on purpose," added Mulder, cynically.

"Well, here they are now," Scully whispered, scrutinizing the documents in the murky light. "See, they tested four people."

"Five," Mulder corrected her.

"No, the fifth person was an FBI agent who took the same test, as a control subject," explained Scully. She read on for a moment. "Each of the would-be psychics sat behind a screen while the tester held up a card—an Ace, King, Queen or Jack. The psychics predicted which card it would be. They did this four times. They also took a guess as to the identity of the control subject."

"And what happened?" urged Mulder.

"There's a page missing at the end," said Scully. "But the tester scribbled a few notes. Apparently there was at least one correct prediction in each of the four card-guessing rounds. No two psychics had the same total number of correct guesses. And nobody made five right guesses."

"So what does that tell you?" asked Mulder.

"Not much," Scully admitted, "except that—"

"Somebody's coming!" hissed Mulder. "Put the file back, quick!" He clicked off his flashlight.

In the dark, he heard Scully whisper, "It's all right, Mulder. The tester noted that the FBI agent gave false answers to every question. That means we can deduce the entire outcome of the test!"

"How can we do that?" he asked.

"I'll explain later," she said. Now in shadow, the two agents hurried out the back door.

*At right is the test that Agent Scully saw. It shows the names of the would-be psychics, and the cards they guessed in each of four rounds; the final column is each one's guess as to the FBI agent's identity. Can you determine which psychic guesses were correct and which psychic was really the FBI agent?*



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NAME	ROUND 1	ROUND 2	ROUND 3	ROUND 4	AGENT'S NAME
IZMIR	Jack	Queen	Ace	King	KELLY
JUAREZ	Ace	Ace	Jack	Queen	LONG
KELLY	Ace	Queen	King	Ace	MASON
LONG	Jack	Ace	Ace	Queen	JUAREZ
MASON	King	Queen	King	Ace	IZMIR

*Hint: The key to solving this mystery is to ask yourself how many correct guesses were made in all, according to the tester's scribbled notes, and then to find the maximum number of guesses that could be correct for each round shown in the table*

----- CLIP OR COPY -----

answers \_\_\_\_\_

name \_\_\_\_\_

address \_\_\_\_\_

city \_\_\_\_\_

state \_\_\_\_\_

zip \_\_\_\_\_

Entries must be received by March 31, 1996. One entry per person. Answers will appear in Issue #3. Winners will be notified by mail. Photocopies of this contest are acceptable.

MAIL YOUR ENTRY TO: Contest #1, THE X-FILES MAGAZINE, One Whitehall St., New York, NY 10004 (Sorry, no e-mail entries.)



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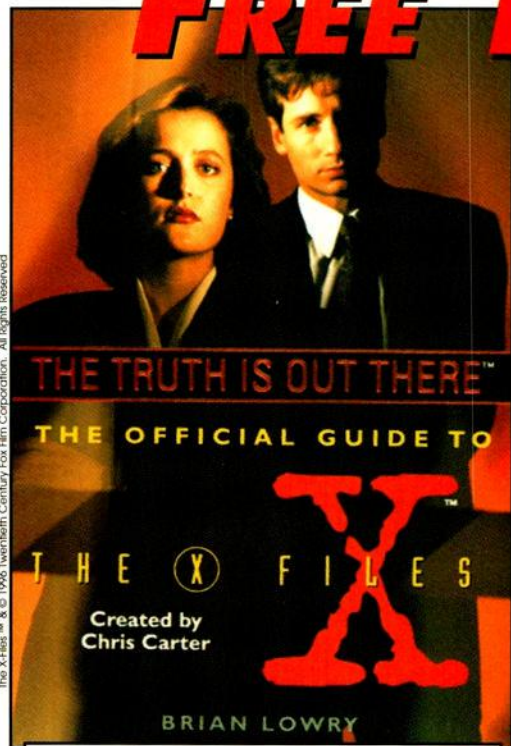
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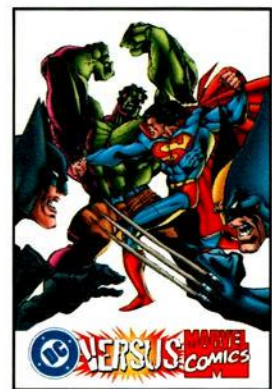
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